





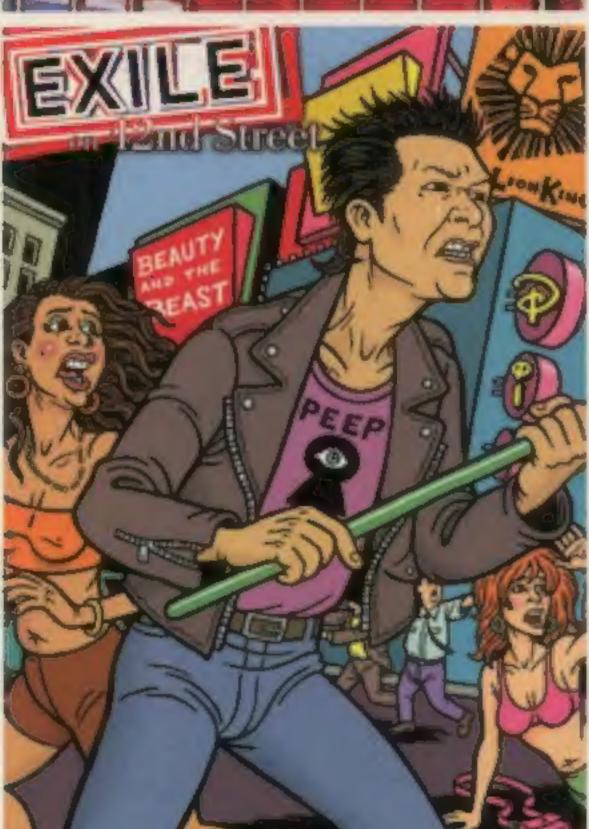


# HUSTLER

**APRIL 1999** 

**VOLUME 25 NUMBER 11** 





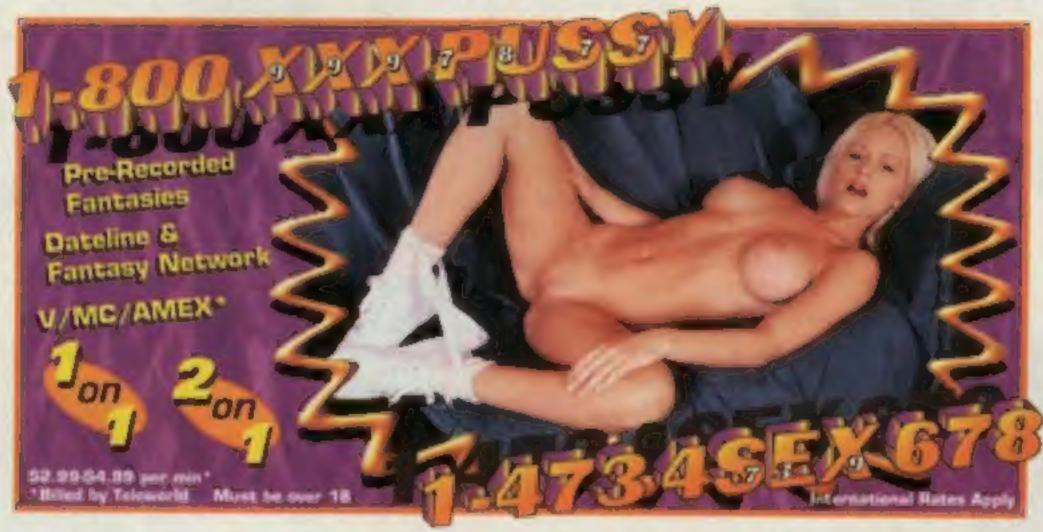
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HUETLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 25, No. 11, April 1999. The U.S. addition of HUSTLER is published monthly with one exception, twice a month in August, by L.F.P., Inc. at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suita 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 1999 LEP., Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, photos. drawings, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited material. Letters part to MUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and comment aditorially. Any similarity between persons and places depicted in the fiction sections of this magazine and actual persons or places is purely coincidental. IRI photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalmes.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call (815) 734-1142. A one-year subscription is \$39.95. For foreign subscriptions, add \$10 U.S. hands. Black issues are \$8 each, postage and taxes included. ICA and DH application sales tax.) These prices represent HUSTLER's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers. sometimes advertised. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice. and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTN: POSTMASTER: Send change of exidress to: MUSTLER, P.D. Box 474, Mt. Morris, IL 51054-0474. Application to mail at periodicals postage rate pending at Severly Hills, CA and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by LEP, Inc. Information concerning module who appear in this publication is located at \$484 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90211, under the supervision of Charlene Love. Printed in the USA.

All node models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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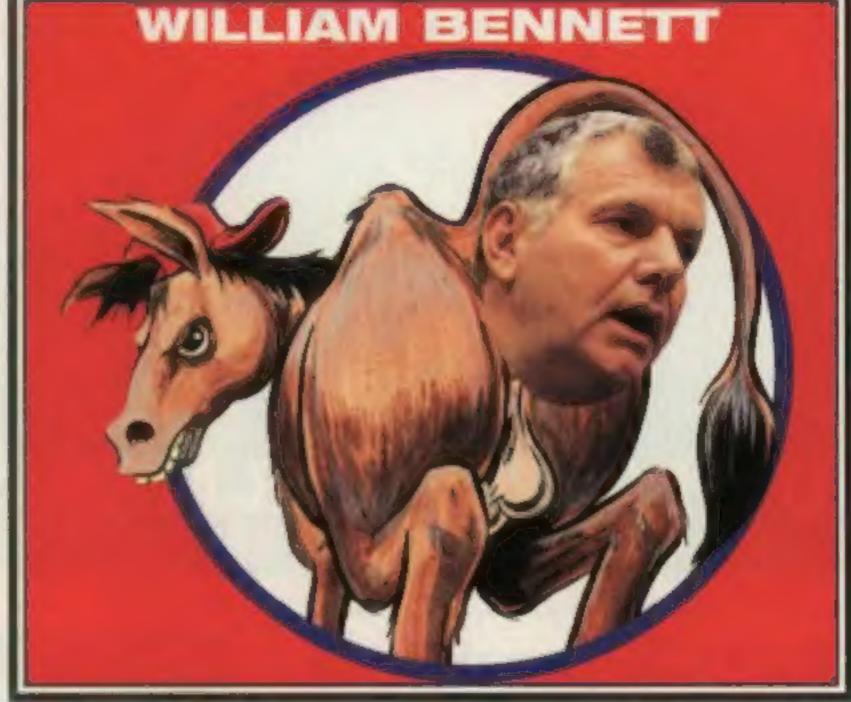
## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The price of free speech is that intelligent Americans must endure the bombast of fatheads and blowhards. We at HUSTLER are patriotic citizens. We agree to put up with the gassy raving of petty moralists. But one false-fronted hypocrite strains an open-minded public's tolerance beyond what the framers of the First Amendment intended. That gross offender is sanctimonious lardass William Bennett, HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for April 1999.

It's hard to explain who William Bennett is. In his 55 years on the planet, he has never actually done anything. Bennett's primary activity is collecting royalties from The Book of Virtues, a preachy tome of ancient fables of which William Bennett is not even the author.

Bennett gained prominence as a do-nothing during his tenure as secretary of education for President Ronald Reagan. Bennett contributed to the drastic slide of our education system by striking a combative pose against teachers and telling college students, whom he referred to as "beach burns," that they did not need government aid.

Fresh on the heels of his failure in the academic sector, Bennett was appointed in 1989 by President George Bush to be America's first drug czar, Bennett, a man given to moralistic braggadocio, proclaimed, "I am committed to reclaiming our streets and our children from the grip of drug abuse." Bennett's assertion that beheading dope dealers is "a morally proportionate response" sums up his philosophy for curing addiction. Eighteen months into the



battle, tough-talking Bennett surrendered his drug job and proclaimed: "The reality is clear. This country is beginning to break its interest and habit on drugs."

That lie and ten bucks buys a vial of crack in any U.S. town from a dealer who was never taught to read.

Bennett maintained his perfect streak of ineffectuality as chairman of the Republican Party. In 1990, Bennett took this \$300,000-a-year post. Once the work started, Bill faltered, quitting within months.

Since then, Bennett has held no productive office. He rakes in \$40,000 a pop for his moralizing lectures and publishes fat, dull books of virtue. Much of Bennett's real work is done by writer Peter Wehner. Wehner

rarely receives credit. Bennett pockets the hog's share of the profits.

Bennett desperately promotes himself as hall monitor of the national soul. He warns that "nothing less is at stake than civilization" from the poisons of Bart Simpson, rap music and sleazy talk shows. Bennett's Empower America has marshalled attacks against these evils and also against advertising that promotes "self-aggrandizement." True to form, Bennett's war against crap media has failed to dent any of its targets.

Bennett's latest publication is The Death of Outrage: Bill Clinton and the Assault on American Ideals. This book laments a lack of moralistic hysteria from "the American people." Since we the citizenry have not

marched up Pennsylvania Avenue to lynch Bill Clinton, we have fallen short of Bennett's standards.

William Bennett should ask himself, Why am I a total failure as a crusader? The answer. Bennett embodies the seven deadly sins more than he personifies any list of virtues.

Avarice: "I didn't take a vow of poverty," said Bennett when quitting the 300-grand-per-year Republican chair. Would Bill keep a vow of poverty any more than he kept his other commitments? After making \$5 million from The Book of Virtues, poverty is no longer an issue.

Gluttony: Bennett preaches self-discipline for the rest of us. He is estimated to be 100 pounds overweight.

Sloth: The work record speaks volumes.

**Pride:** Bennett arrogantly believes that his way of thinking is the only correct way of thinking. Everyone else is talking "pap" and "stuff that rhymes with pap."

Lust: William Bennett won't travel with female aides. If he can't trust himself, why should anyone else?

Wrath: "If I were [God], Clinton would be gone, with my pinkie."

Envy: Quoth Bennett: "The place for a man who is complete in all his parts is in the fight." While Bennett sermonizes on the sidelines, Bill Clinton fights. Only envy explains the depths of Bennett's malice.

A leading Christian once said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." William Bennett, moralist-inchief of America, says, "There is a need to be judgmental."

And so William Bennett is judged Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

mother testified that Stewart told her, "You won't need to look me up for child support. Your child is not going to live very long." Stewart can look forward to eternity in hell, in the special ring for Assholes of his ilk.

Michael Huffington: Four years ago, Michael Huffington's claim to fame was as the dim-witted moneybags who spent more than \$30 million losing a race to become a senator from California. After the January 1999 issue of Esquire, Huffington will be most famous as a dim-witted fag. Huffington admits to being homosexual, but shies away from the label gay. He concedes that he may be a Democrat now, not the Republican he portrayed. Huff also admits that he found government work boring. Gay? Homo? Democrat? Republican? The one constant in Huffington's life is that he is a dim-witted Asshole.

Brian Stewart was convicted of injecting the boy with stolen HIV-infected blood during a hospital visit in 1992. The boy was then 11 months old. Prosecutors charged that Stewart's motive for infecting his son was to avoid paying child support. The boy's

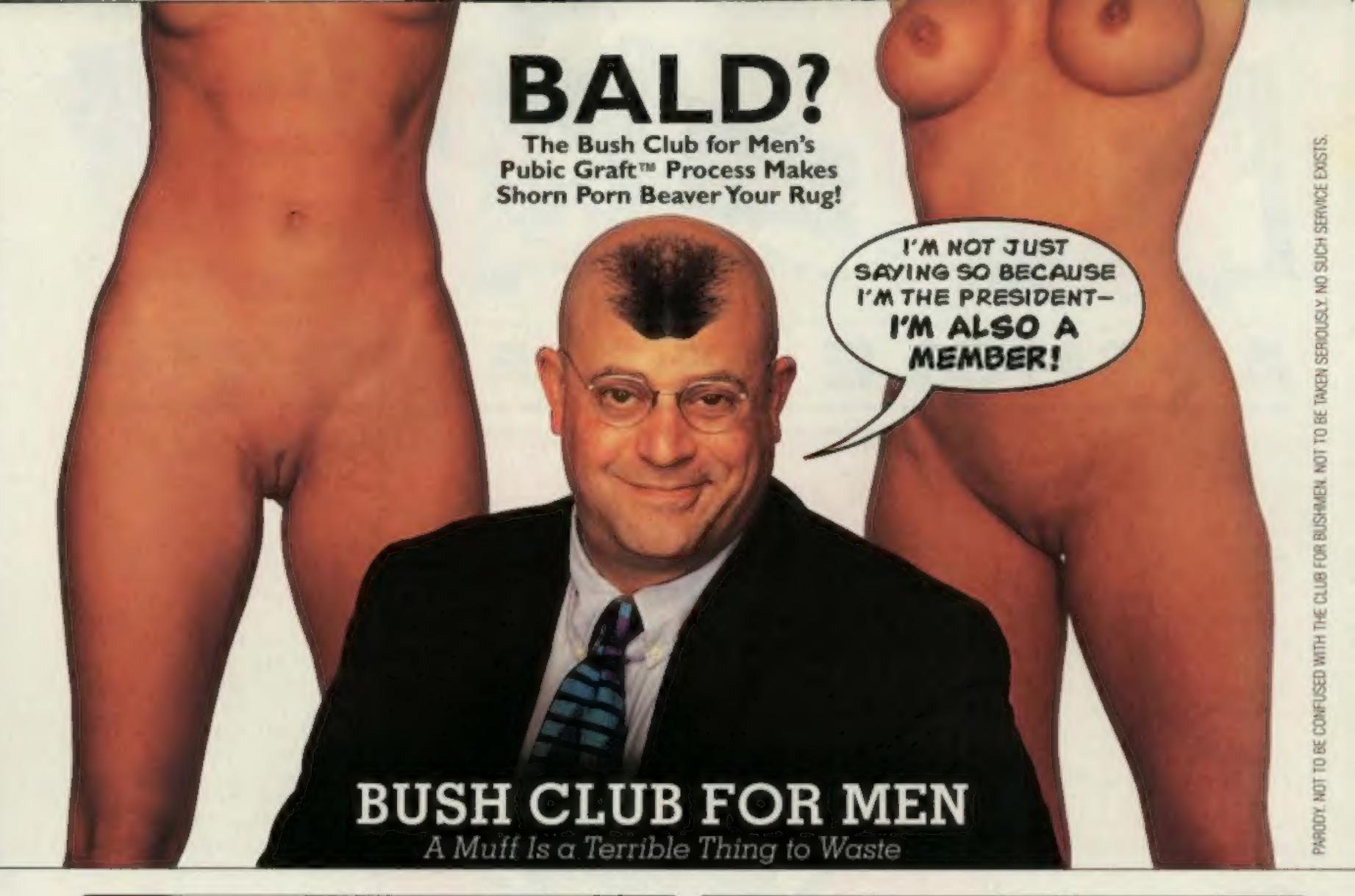
Brian Stewart: A 32-year-old former

hospital technician from St. Charles,

Missouri, Brian Stewart has a son who

is seven years old. Stewart's child was

diagnosed in 1996 with AIDS. In 1998,









When radio was still new to the heartland, young girls with visions of stardom often fell victim to con men offering free "microphone tests." This scam became so popular among cads casting for broads, it gave us a new word—broadcasting. "Tasting, tasting, one, two, three," says the starry-eyed sucker.

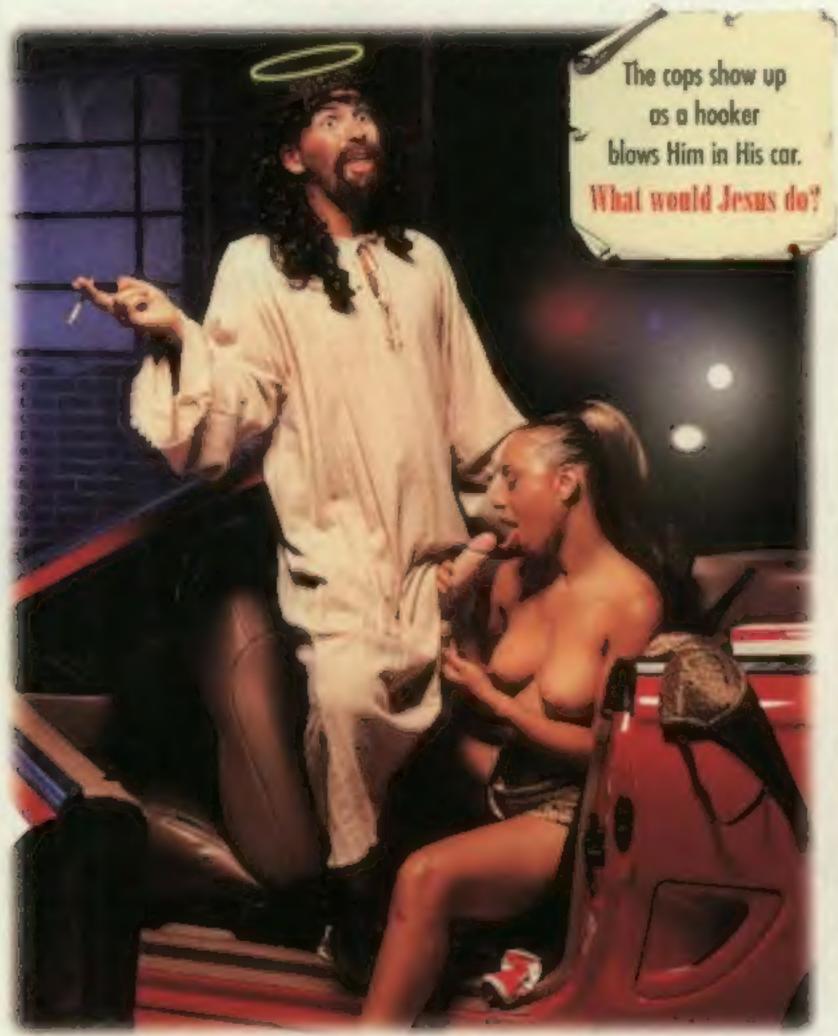
Andrew W. of Austin, Texas, gets \$150 to blow. Send old dirt to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

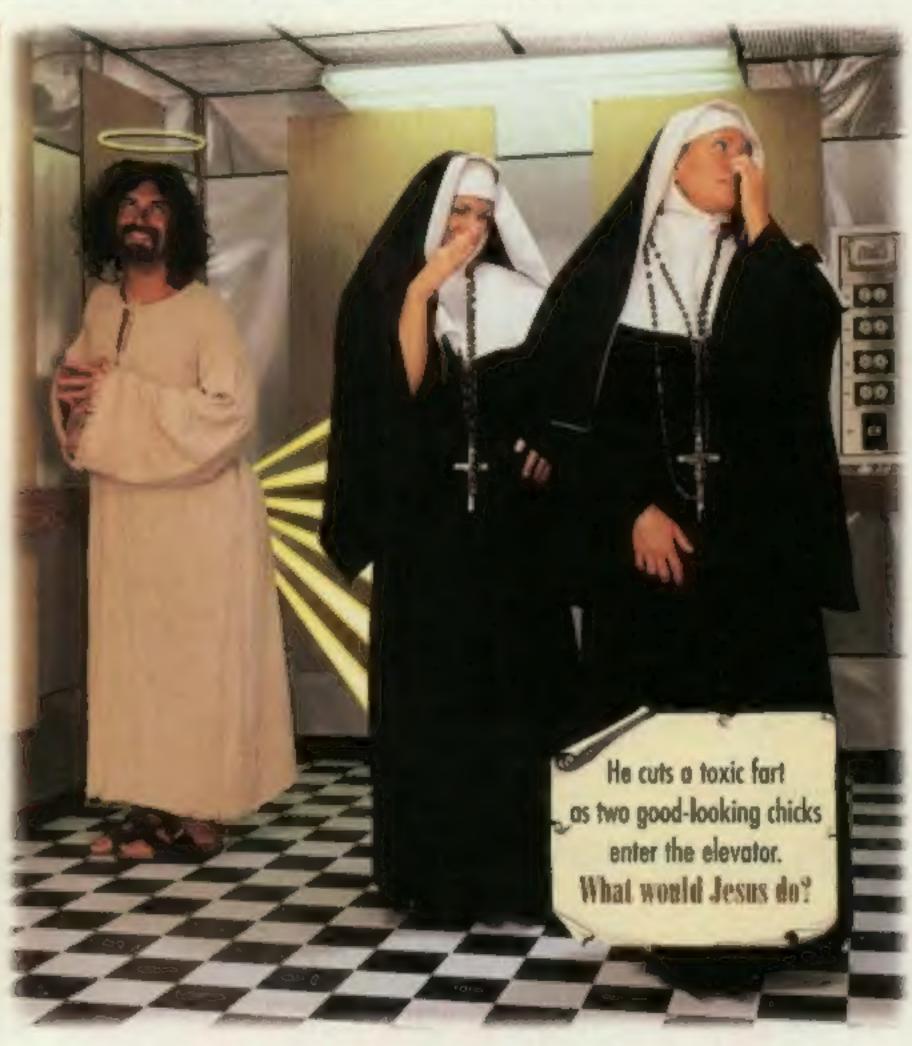
# What Would Jusus Do?

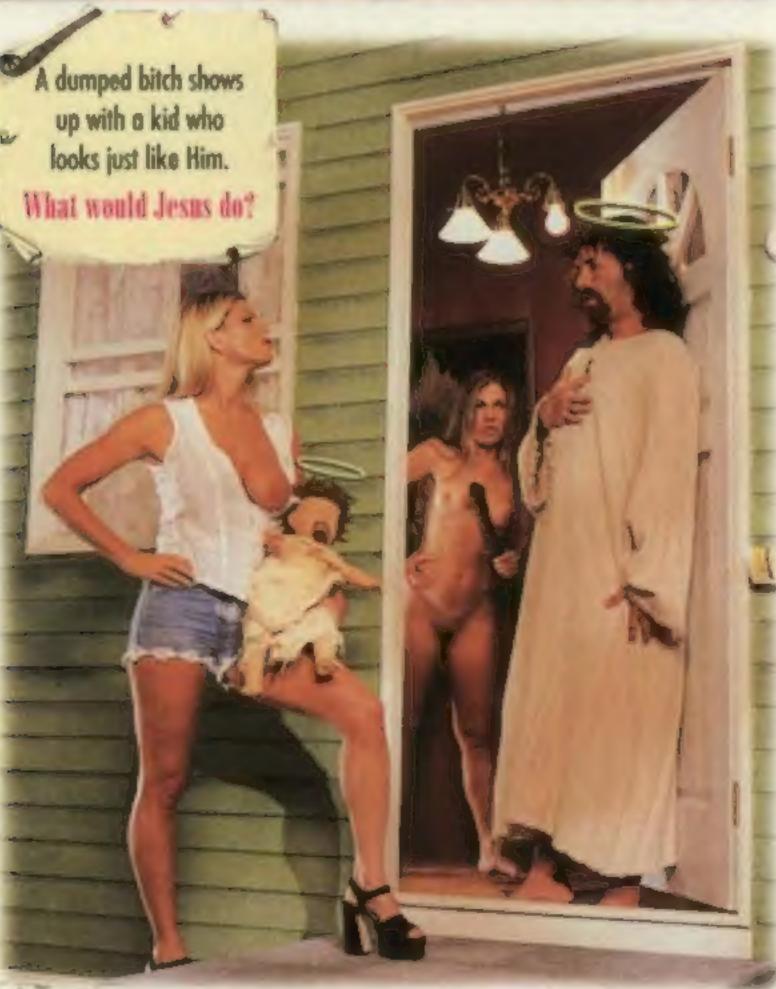
Great news! Ultra-Christians have found the prescription for young America's staggering loss of faith!

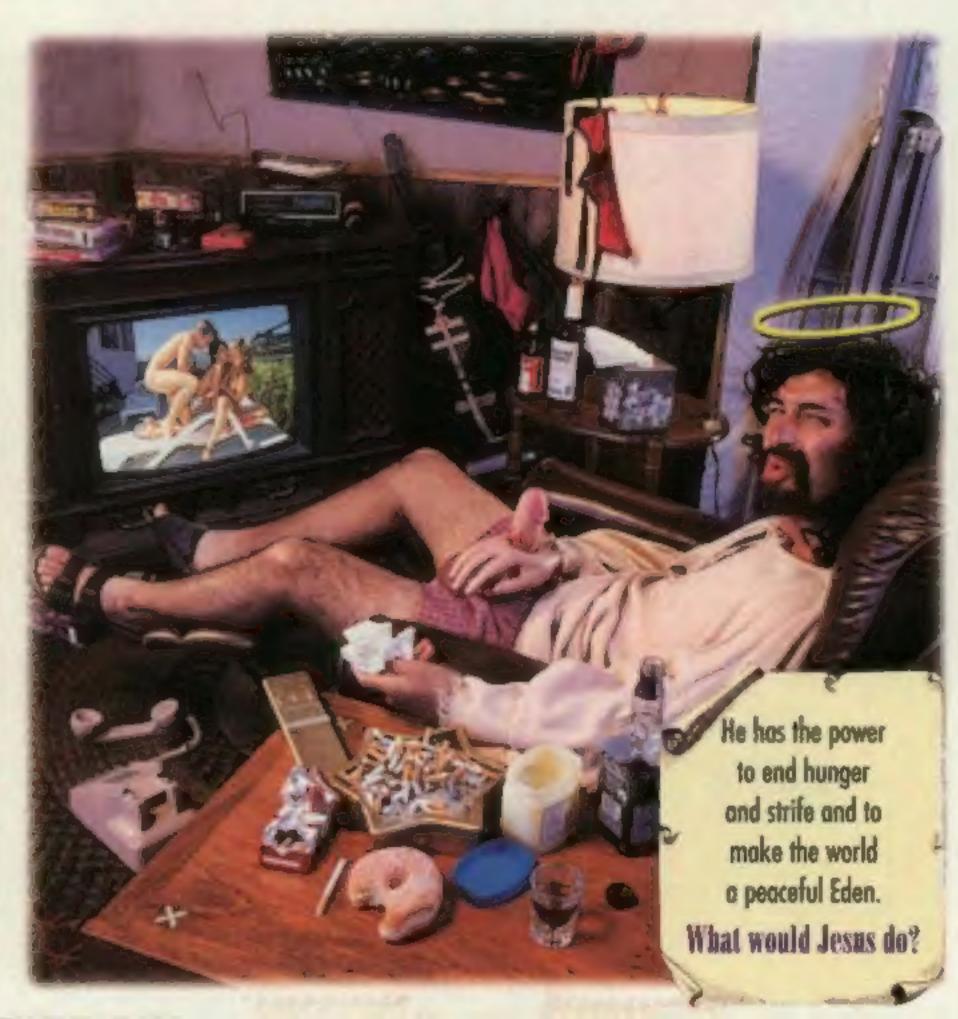
The cure is called *merchandising*. Brightly colored wristbands, thin-pewter jewelry and, hopefully, palm studs emblazoned with the anagram WWJD remind us in everyday situations that our faith in cheap consumer products reigns supreme.

So let's take some time this Easter season to reflect: In everyday situations, what *would* Jesus do?









## Up From the Primordial Cooze:



## Anal Plug: HUSTLER'S HONEY BUNS



What memories does a man carry to his grave? The faces of his children? His summers as a boy? Or a mental picture of the ass on each and every woman he has ever seen? If that last option is your no-brainer, spread open HUSTLER'S HONEY BUNS for a buttload of lifelong memories. HONEY BUNS covers the broad spectrum of backside, from the firm and young to the full and ripe. Each issue probes deeply and intimately into dozens of hot, sweet cheeks. The premier release of HUSTLER'S HONEY BUNS is on sale at newsstands now, or call 1-800-537-5309 to subscribe.





# A PORN CHICK'S EVOLUTION



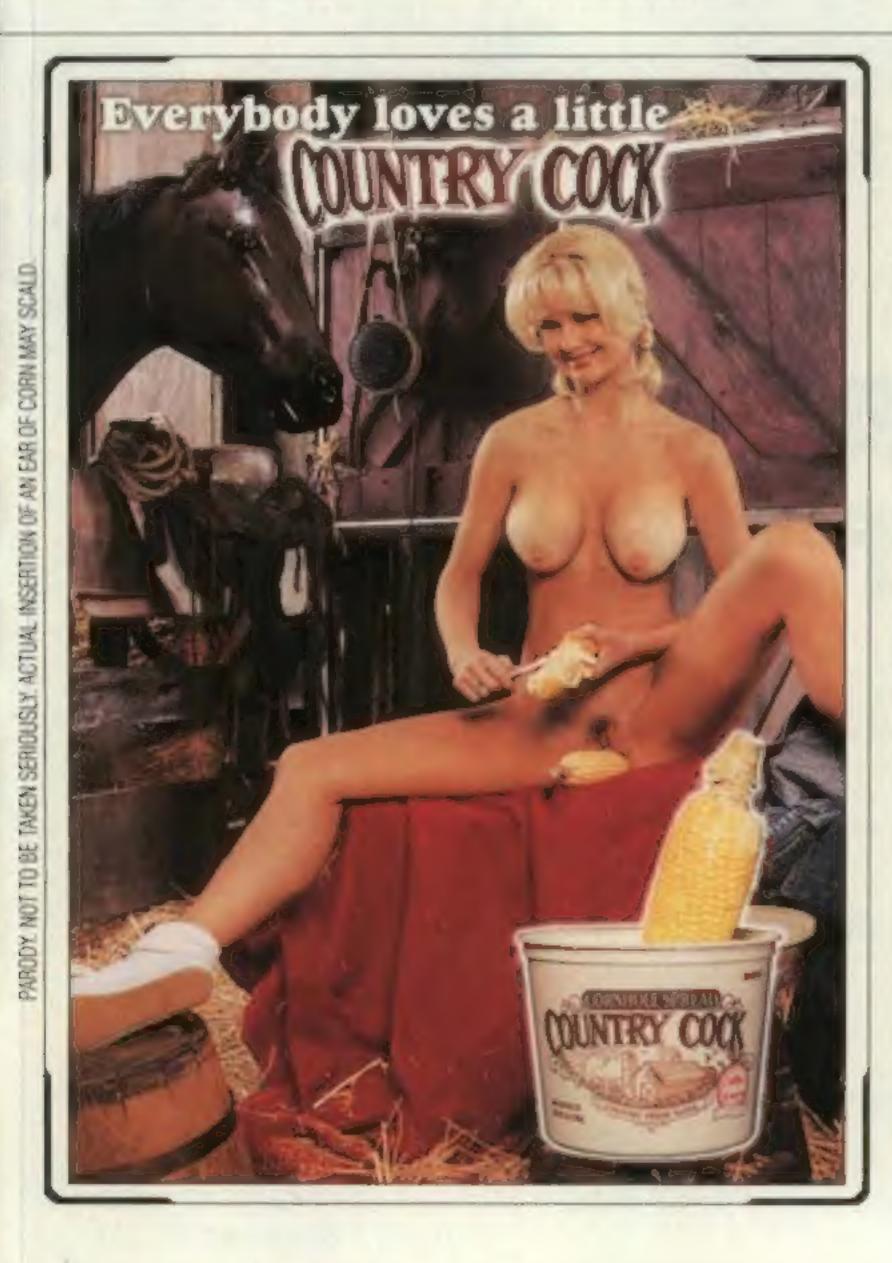
Porno Erectus

Porno Deteriorata



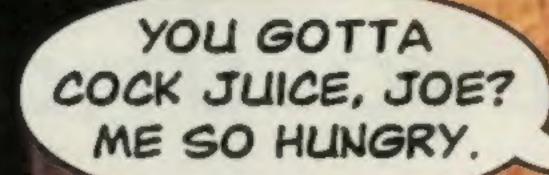
Porno Detritus







PARODY, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. THE BABY'S A PROP



Yung Suk is 18 and starving. As the North Korean famine worsens, she becomes more and more desperate for protein. You can help. The semen you spill reading this magazine could keep Yung Suk alive for a week or longer—long enough to reach America and a new life as a massage-parlor whore.

Won't you please send her all the jizz you can spare?

Please accept my donation of life-sustaining, nourishing scum. I have enclosed (check one):

- Two tablespoons—enough to bring Yung Suk, or a girl like her, to the States.
- ☐ Four tablespoons—enough to bring Yung Suk and a girl like her to the States.
- Fifty-five gallons—enough to create a raft from dried cum.

NAME \_\_\_\_

ADDRESS

Presso Fred Court

CITY, STATE, ZIP

# SLOP for SLOPES

100 Kim Il-sung Plaza, Pyongyang, North Korea



# A Fistful of Winners

HUSTLER readers sent in a pile of entries for November's "Something Really Special" contest, but only a fistful who finished the sentence to the left won HUSTLER fun packs. The winners:

"...here's something I've been working on since dinner."

-J. Love, Burbank, California

"...let me finish tying the ribbon."

-Sam M., Fairbanks, Alaska

"...a ham sandwich."

-Ray, Kingsville, Texas

"...but first let me finish frosting your birthday cake."

-Alan M., Taunton, Massachusetts

"...but my hand stunk so bad, I vomited all over your gift."
—Dave W., Washington, D.C.

# Jasmin St. Claire wishes she were YOUR HUSTLER SUBSCRIPTION



HUSTLER subscription or extend my current subscription for only \$39.95 & send my 100-pictorial pack of HUSTLER Collector Cards, FREE!

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Name	Pay
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Signature

# HUSTLER Hollywood



On Thatsday, December 3, 1998, crowds withstood the Caldornia rain for as much as six hours to get into the grand opening of the world's premier of the boutains. HCSILLR HOLLY'S OOD



The Porn Walk of Fame has arrived!

The first three inductors—legends

Larra Fort, Ron Jerems and

Marsha Chambers—impress their

famous fiesh for posterits

On your way to the trity stocked criftee and time char, take macho harlot Janine vad we, and pick up a few hance no class - or cise.



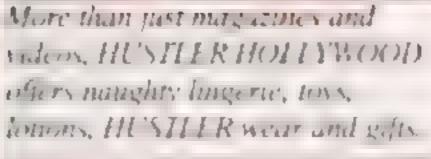
# Relax, It's Just Sex

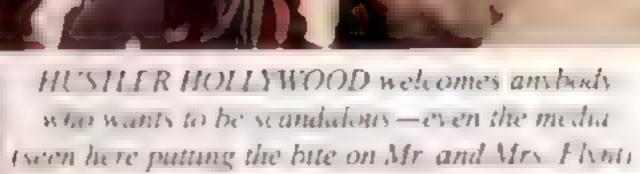
PHOTOS BY LABI VON JANSKY

Celebrities from both poin and mainstream entertainment mingled with customers in a friendly beautique atmosphere that breaks away from the sleazy booty rooms of the past.

let nice enough to take your girl, with a namely selection so complete that you don't need a girl of all, No wonder the opening was such a success. Pilgrints of sexuality can visit Hollywood's newest landmark. HUSTLER HOLLY WOOD, at 8920 Sunset Boulevard, The store is upon from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m., seven days a week.





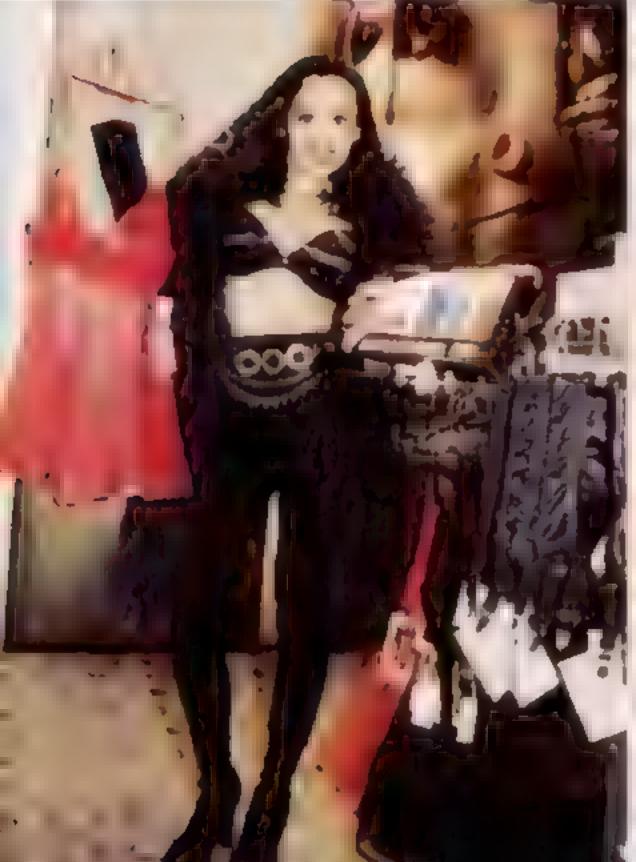


Mariovn Chambers: A gala night, and sne's still insatiable.



Ron Teremy goes Hedgehog-wild with fellow Porn Walker Marilyn and new dish Sylvia.

Sound off' Larry's on hand for the Bonkateer role call (1 to r). Januare' Devon' Melanie!
Burnes' Tabaha' Randi' Capri, Veronica' Zoe'













Thumbs-up

Congratulations, HUSTLER, on another fantastic issue. Your pictorials of fingerfucking Amber (Amber: Little Miss Gutter Mouth, February 1999) and Gina (Gina: Enema Nurse, I Love You, February 1999) were both excellent. Those pictures of Amber sticking four of her fingers up her twat made me wish her fingers were mine. The picture of Gina shoving the two-headed dildo up her ass was the icing on the cake. You guys always deliver top-notch pictorials and insightful articles. February's issue made me glad I dumped Playboy. One suggestion: Could you please show more shaved pussies? Shaved pussies really turn me on. Keep up the good work. -S.SSeward, Nebraska

HUSTLER agrees—Amber and Gina are a credit to sluts everywhere. As for your preference for shaved women, we'll throw a hairy one in the shaving machine for you, Keep an eye out for her.

A Taste for Mary

Double congratulations. First, for Mary: Naked Lunch Break (Holiday Issue, 1998). Now, there's an ass with class. I'd be proud to take her home to Momma. I suggest that her pussy be added to the basic food groups: I wouldn't consider entering her with my prick until I had eaten her out for at least two hours beforehand. Second, congratulations on the breakthrough in penetration. This sure opens up new possibilities—now you can show side-by-side fuck tests at various whorehouses or rate escort services, like a Consumer Reports for pussy.

—J. H.

Chesterfield, Missouri

Thanks for the tips. Maybe we can arrange to bring Mary to Chesterfield and have a side-by-side fuck test between Mary and your momma. Love that home-cooked pussy.

#### **Demands More**

Why is it that two months in a row (the



by dealing only with the long of the hants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads.

Any offer that seem long and the text of the long of

1998 Holiday Issue and January 1999) your covergirl did not have a pictorial inside? Why do you keep fucking us over like this? The broad on the cover of the Holiday Issue was a fucking knockout. I saw her on the cover, tore open the



Gina: Enema Nurse, I Love You

mag, and she wasn't in there. One picture is not enough. You guys fucked the readers over before with the broad on last year's 1997 Holiday Issue; you only showed her on the cover too. Fuck you! You're pissing me off with this shit. And why do you keep reusing those old Jackie O photos? That shit is old. She's fucking dead. She was a deformed, ugly freak. Wake up; no one cares. Fuck all this Bill Clinton shit you're doing. Fuck all that shit. Your readers don't fucking care. Fuck off, and fuck you! —C. J. Tustin, California

The photo-sets of the covergirls were published in everybody's HUSTLER copies except yours. That's right, the photo-spreads were ripped out of your copies so that we could elicit an impassioned letter from you.

#### Fear No More

I am writing in response to D. W.'s letter in HUSTLER's Holiday Issue ("Fear of a Black Penis," Feedback, 1998). I am incarcerated in the federal-prison system and happen to live next door to D. W. D. W. says that HUSTLER is racist and all crackers have small dicks, but D. W. is mixed, with straight hair, light skin and, at 5-5, a dick smaller than 90% of the crackers he despises. I know because I walked into his cell one day and caught him playing with his pathetically small







## FEEDBACK

prick. So he's not mad at the world, just his white grandpappy who left him and the God who left him underendowed.

-D. L. Bradford, Pennsylvania

Let's hope this is the last we'll hear about D. W. Is it cruel and unusual punishment when prisoners are forced to watch one another jack off?

**HUSTLER Fights Illiteracy** 

You should publish the HUSTLER Reader to combat adult illiteracy. One reason adult males don't learn to read is that they don't think there's anything worth reading. Erotic stories written at a basic level and progressing gradually to higher reading levels could be a great literacy tool. Maybe give them out in prisons or something. Start with the most basic stuff (See Jane's pussy. See Spot fuck Jane's pussy. See Spot fuck Jane's pussy. See Spot's cum). Gee, reading is fun.

—Blunt via Internet

Don't be so condescending. HUSTLER's fight against illiteracy begins at home, and not all our Editors are winning the battle.

Whale-Sperm Date

While visiting Vancouver, British Columbia, on business, my secretary and I visited the city's aquarium. They had a pair of white beluga whales in a glassed-in tank. This day they were putting on quite a show. The largest whale, obviously the male, was chasing the female and lunging against her. I knew from his behavior that he had something serious in mind. As we watched, he pulled up alongside the female, who had rolled to her side, and an immense, red prick emerged from its body. It was at least four feet long and tapered from a six-inch base to a near lancelike point. A great cloud of white jism was emitted and floated in the water. A moment later, propelled by a mighty thrust of the breeder's flukes, the great prick disappeared inside the female's cunt. The whales lay quietly for a few moments, and I could imagine that her pussy was being filled with whale sperm. I looked at my secretary. She had a look of total enthrallment on her face and had her hand up her skirt. We made an emergency run to our hotel room and had a whale of a time. I can't recommend the aquarium highly enough as a primer for a hot, wet date.

-C. M Sitka, Alaska Thanks for sharing. There's nothing like watching two animals fuck to set the mood for beastly copulation.

**Loves Mixing the Colors** 

I'm appalled that HUSTLER is the only magazine I've ever seen that shows interracial pictorials. Why is it so hard to find such stimulating photographs with so many magazines on the market these days? Is interracial fucking still taboo in the '90s, even though we see coupling of every color of the rainbow everywhere we look?

—D. B.

Phenix City, Alabama

Provocative coupling results in raised dicks for some and burst blood vessels in others. Whether your preferred pussy is red, white or blue, just be sure not to fuck any snatch that's green on the inside.

**Anything for a Million** 

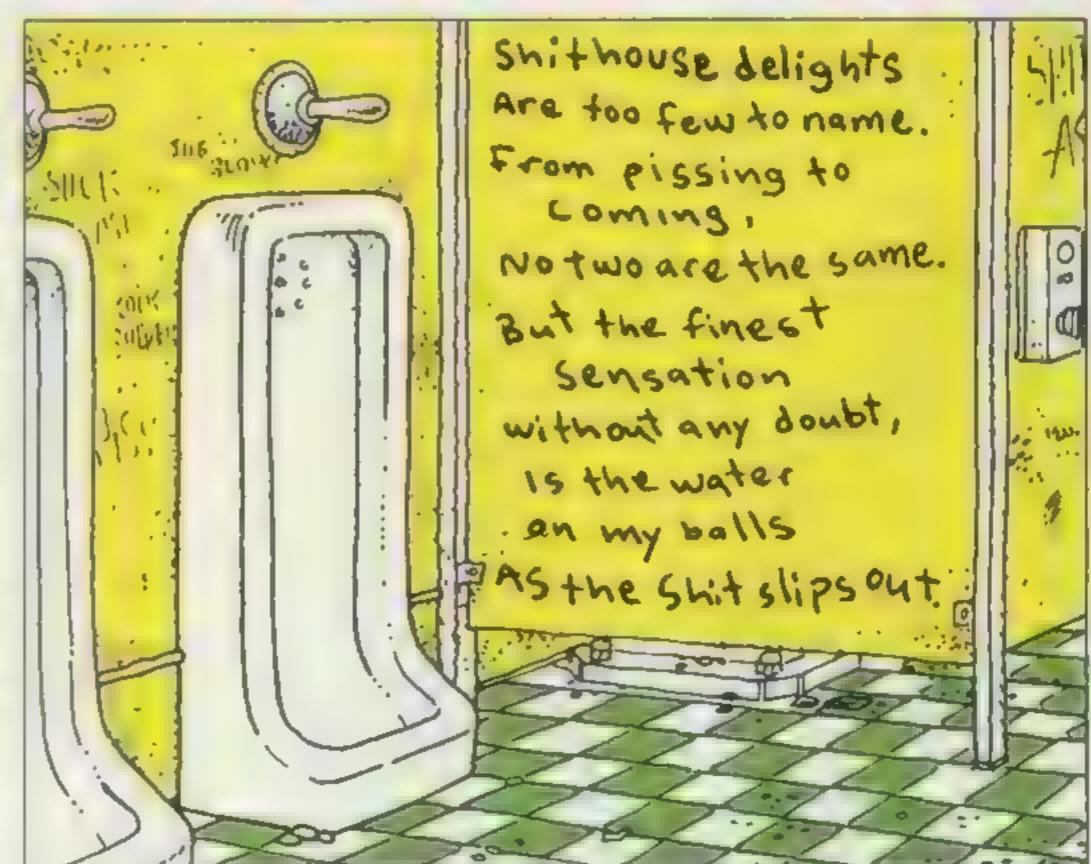
My wife and I were both watching the news and learned of Larry Flynt's million-dollar offer for evidence of affairs with political leaders. Coincidentally, we were getting ready for a trip to Washington, D.C., and I told my wife that she was going to have to blow one of our Congressmen while we were in D.C. if

we were ever going to get ahead in the world. She told me that if anyone was going to blow one of our elected officials, it would have to be me. Needless to say, I didn't suck off or butt-fuck any elected official during our Washington trip, but that doesn't mean I've given up on the idea. If I were to rape a Congressman, would I be able to collect the million dollars? Do you think the government would tax me on the money I would make sodomizing a Congressman? I'd be willing to serve any jail time I might receive; I figure, I'd probably be a hero in prison, and you might send me a complimentary subscription to your fine magazine. These are some of the issues that are troubling me in my pursuit of fame and fortune. -C. C.

via Internet

Go ahead, fuck your Congressman; it's not like he isn't fucking you. While you're at it, line them up, and fuck them all. I hey've been wasting our tax dollars and dicking our bloody-red asses worse than when the redcoats taxed our tea. Fuck back, Chances are, your Congressman won't press charges; he'll send you flowers. Don't forget to take pictures of your romantic haisons. Only when HUSTLER (continued on page 23)

GRAFFIETT TO



Thanks and \$50 60 to soe C.

















## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 17)

has proof of your tryst will Larry consider cutting you a check. Good luck.

#### Sticky Details

You had me convinced that the couple in the January 1999 issue of HUSTLER was actually Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky (Bill and Monica: The Chief Executive in His Oval Orifice). It was difficult for me to believe this, but I thought that maybe Bill and Monica had secretly placed a camcorder in the oval orifice; then it hit me—these photos are phony. Monica, unless I was dreaming when I saw it, recently revealed in an interview that she always began a sexual encounter with the President by opening a new issue of HUSTLER to the most vivid photospread in front of her boss. The omission of this important detail, more than anything, proved your pictorial to be fake.

-D. B. Provincetown, Massachusetts

#### German Fetish Queen

I became involved in fetish when, for my 24th birthday, I got a steel, Victorian corset. I had always been fascinated by corsetry and then learned it was a fetish. Although I can appreciate almost all fetishes, I personally like corsetry, high heels, stockings, latex, rope bondage and discipline. I love to talk to people with distinct fetishes; it's so interesting. I love HUSTLER, and it will be an everlasting dream of mine to someday have a photo of me published in Beaver Hunt. I think it might be fun to share my fantasies with your readers. Is it possible to send a few pictures or slides to your magazine for a review? -C. W

Ratingen, Germany

By all means, send us your nasty pictures It's healthy to share your sick fantasies with others instead of hurboring shame in your basement, alone

#### **Porn Kills**

It's hard to believe our country still hasn't gotten the message that pornography really does hurt people. There have been pornography conferences that extol the virtues of smut, while the President of the United States is allegedly having sex in the White House. Sadly, America has not vet realized how far-reaching the devastation of pornography actually is and to what extent our sense of right and wrong has been drastically altered. As a minister, I receive calls every single day from

people affected by pornography. Either it's someone who has been hurt emotionally or spiritually by the effects of pornography, or they have a loved one who needs help. Pornography is hardly a victimless pastime. Consider the tragic death of the former Michigan House Judiciary Committee chairman. On October 15, 1998, Representative Perry Bullard's life was cut short by his pornography addiction. Bullard died while engaging in an autoerotic act involving rope and other paraphernalia. He was found hanging by a rope in his basement and was apparently engaging in a masturbatory activity promoted in pornographic magazines and videotapes

Sadly, the harsh impact of pornography has been swept under the rug by the media. Pornography does destroy.

J. D.via Internet

Pornography doesn't kill people; rope kills politicians.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler(a lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.









# Would you know how to cover it up?

Every year, dozens of upstanding murderers perish on Death Rows across America. Many of their lives would be spared if they only learned how to prepare the crime scene. How can you get away with murder?



Make it look like an automobile accident. This simple step could keep a bad alibi from becoming much worse. Remember: Wipe for fingerprints and footprints before leaving your prey's "wreck." And never leave a bloody glove anywhere. Learn more killer tips in Slash Course, free from Hell Oil. Drop by Hell to pick up a copy. After all, Hell's where you'll end up.

Count on Hell



My boyfriend and I were wondering why the porn industry doesn't come out with a video that shows a guy's dick fucking inside of the pussy. When I was in sexeducation class, all the kids I talked to were also wondering why they don't show stuff like that. The people who do these movies could put a microscopic camera on the head of a penis and let him go to town until he blows. I'm dying to see that.

—T. B.

Slayton, Minnesota

It has always been my own personal visual when I'm having sex that there is an eye inside my cervix, and I get to see the whole shebang. Recent demand for smaller and cheaper surgical cameras has made such trick shots possible in the porn business. John T. Bone of Cream Entertainment tells me that he already has a miniature camera and is eager to shoot the shot. You won't have to wait long for your cream dream to come true

#### ROBOT DILDO

I've seen videos where there's a robotic, thrusting machine that has a dildo at the end of a metal pole that pushes in and out of a pussy or ass. I've never seen this device advertised in any of the catalogs I have. Is there a kit available so I can make one? Have you ever fucked one?

←A. S Afton, Virginia

I myself have used this very device twice. You can see me go at it in Where the Boys Aren't Part 6 (Vivid Video), starring Janine, Blonde Itch, Amber Lynn, Christy Canyon, Sara-Jane Hamilton and myself. The device is very delicate and needs to be handled with care. You can't go crazy with this machine, but if you lie really still and adjust your body just right, it does wonders. The contraption is not widely marketed, however. To my knowledge, the robotic dido I fucked is a one-of-a-kind invention. Let's hope they didn't break the mold.

#### G-SPOT MAP

Can you recommend any books or videos on finding the G spot? Every once in a while, I stumble across my girlfriend's, but I want to find it every time without fail. I really like the flood that spurts out of her pussy after I've made contact with the magic button. She soaks the sheets, and the flavor of her pussy changes; it's much sweeter.

—D. L.

via Internet

Multitudes of available books are devoted to this wondrous letter of the alphabet. Nina Hartley has an instructional video called Guide to Better Cunnilingus, available through Adam &

Eve, which features the G spot. My best advice when dealing with the matter of triggering your woman's geyser is not to let your fingers immediately do the walking. Once the G spot has been located, used and abused, the party is pretty much over. I recommend kissing the lips of your woman's face as sweetly as the lips between her legs.

#### HUSTLER HOARDER

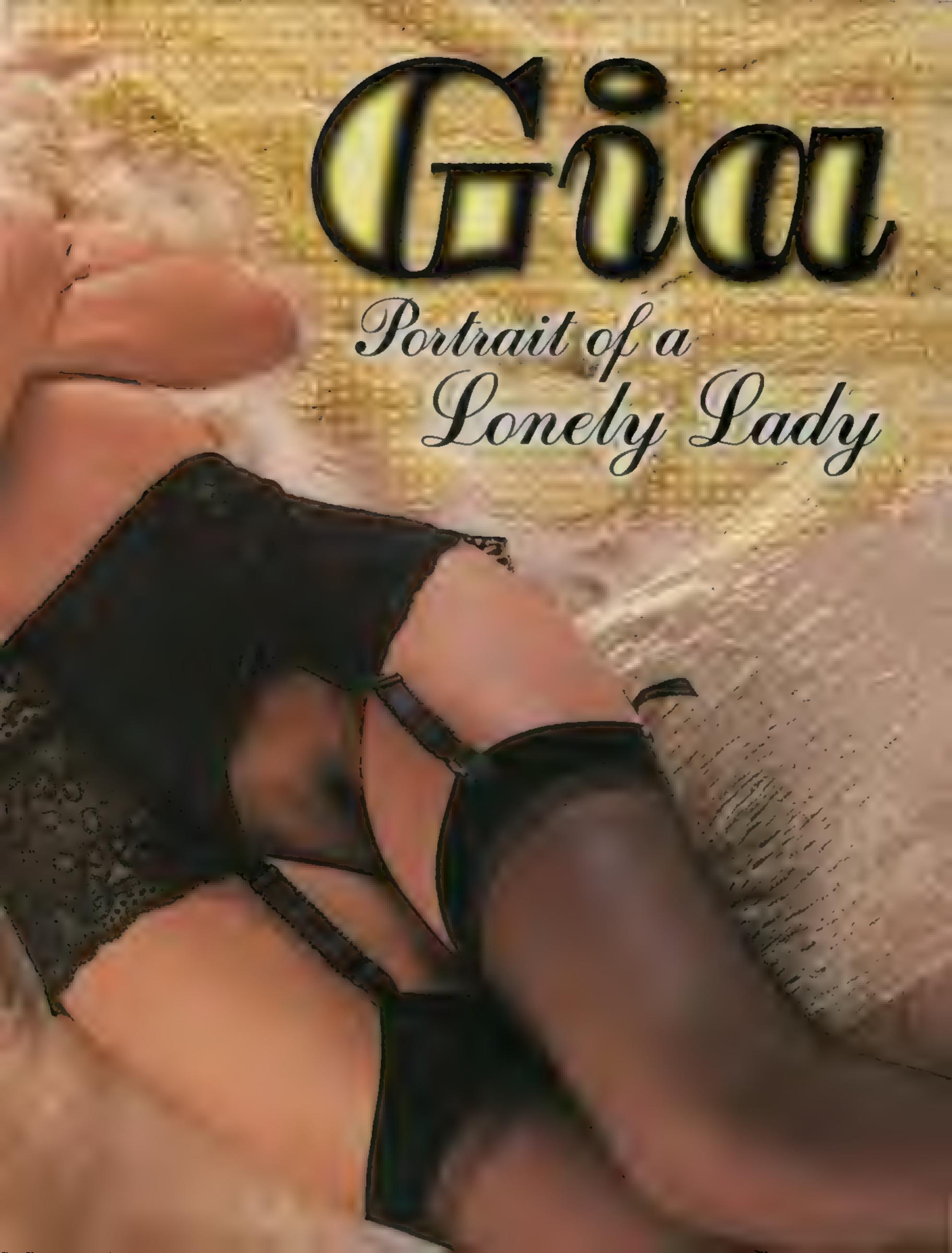
My fiance and I have lived together for one and a half years, and he loves HUSTLER. I don't mind; I love HUSTLER too. The problem is, he hides them. I ask him not to hide them and sneak and lie, but he continues to do this. Our sex life is not what it used to be—hell, it's nothing anymore. I would love for us to share HUSTLER between us. How can I teach him to be open and honest and, most of all, to share? It makes me furious when I find magazines hidden around the house.

−M. J.

Valdosta, Georgia

It seems to me that a much deeper problem is going on here. Since your (continued on page 35)









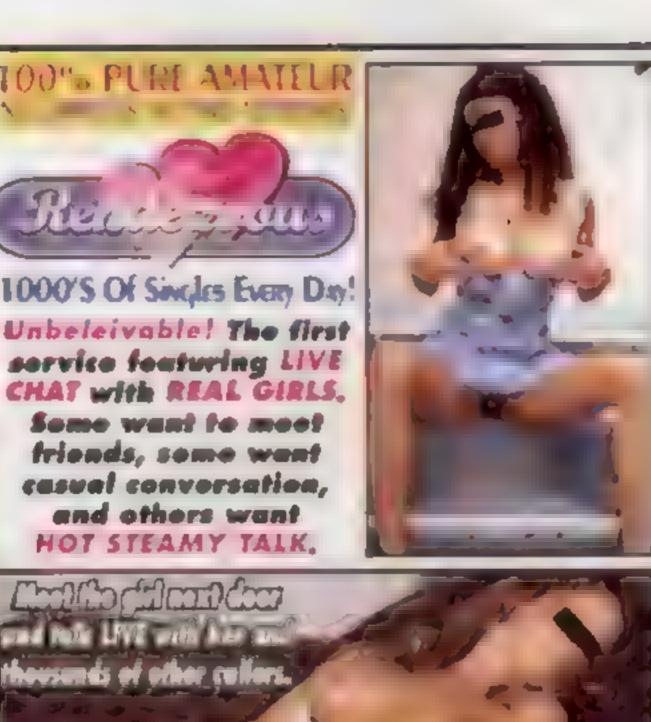








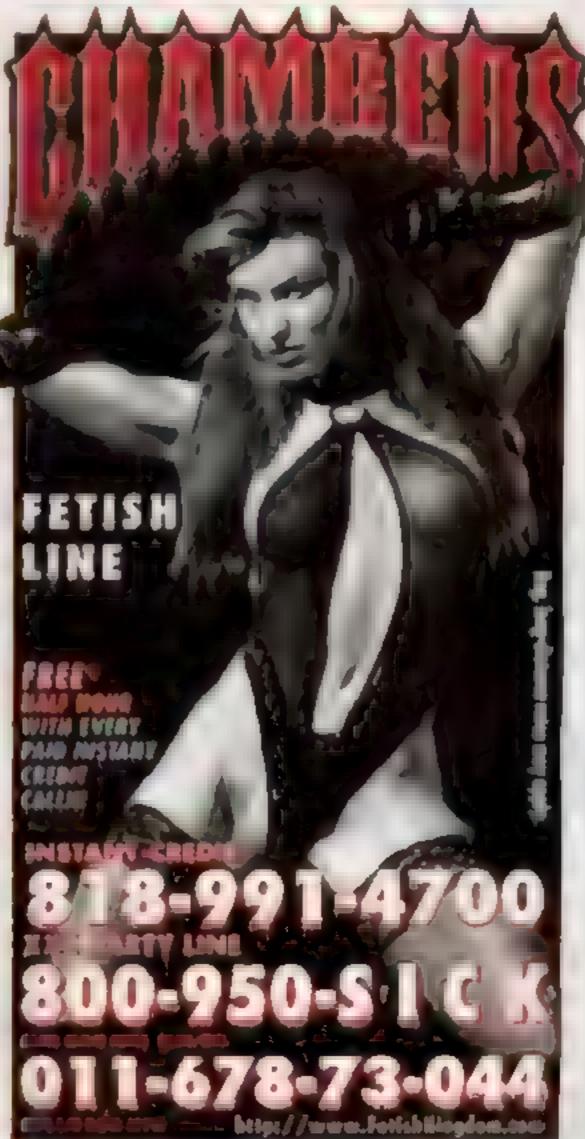












(continued from page 25)

#### Dear Slut She was so very jealous of my deep-throating capabilities that she had her boyfriend push her head till she felt a pop. Now she's suffering from a tear in the tissue in the back of her throat.

fiance is hiding things, and your sex life is suffering, you need to ask yourself if this is the person you really want to marry. He's probably hiding more than you know. Consider being single and enjoying HUSTLER alone until you find the right man who will share it with you.

#### LIPSTICK LESBIAN WANTED

I am an attractive, petite blonde who is very attracted to other beautiful women. I've only been with another woman once, and it was a pleasurable experience, something that I can't wipe from my fantasies. Unfortunately, the beautiful woman I was with lives too far away, and I am too shy. What are some signs to look for when looking for tasty pussy to share with my man, without humiliating myself by coming on to a straight woman? I am only attracted to ladies, not butches, and bull daggers are all that seem to be around. Am I looking in the wrong place? In other words, Jeanna, where would a very horny yet shy girl like myself find a hot slut like you? Love, —S. R.

Bourne, Massachusetts

Oh, drat, I'm ten minutes from Massachusetts at this very moment! I was born and raised in upstate New York, very close to Massachusetts, and spent my late teens and early 20s looking for a woman just like you. I had to relocate to the West Coast and fuck women who were being paid to have sex with me before I found the women of my dreams. Think back to how you found your first dream girlthere were certain signals, little smiles. There should be a relationship between you and your new girl first, based on friendship, trust and respect; the same qualities that you have, hopefully, with the man in your life. This is important, because when everybody tumbles under the sheets, you certainly need to trust and respect everybody who's naked under there with you. Let me know how it goes. You can contact me through my fan club address: Another Fine Mess, 306-N West El Norte Parkway, Suite 454, San Diego, CA 92026.

#### BAD-HAIR DAY

I'm a half-Italian, half-Armenian guy; you can imagine how hairy I am. Girls hate hairy men; so I bought a bunch of bikini-wax kits and waxed my entire body. It really hurt to wax myself. Afterward, I was swollen; so I wiped myself with Desitin (that diaper-rash cream) to soothe the pain, and it works. The problem is that my hair-removal

routine takes about an hour and a half each day and costs a lot of money. I don't know if you have this problem, but I'm sure that a lot of guys in porn do. Is there a faster, cheaper way to achieve that smooth body that women demand from me? -N. A.

St. Louis, Missouri

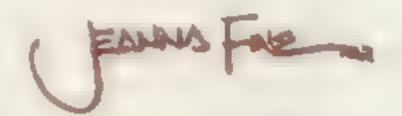
Being one-quarter American Indian, I have virtually a hairless body; so I could go weeks without shaving my legs and have nothing more than baby fuzz. While there may be some men in the business with problem hirsuteness, it is not readily apparent. I can tell you, while there are women who, as you say, hate hairy bodies, there are plenty of women out there who love them. One option is to keep looking until you find the woman who's in love with the whole package. I don't know about Missouri, but in California, there are entire sections of ads in the Yellow Pages dedicated to hair removal for both sexes. Options include electrolysis and laser surgery. This might cost more in the beginning, but will certainly be cheaper for you in the long run.

#### NARROW NECK

saw an ad in HUSTLER for deep-throat gel. I've never seen this before and won- 90211, or E-mail at slut(a lfp.com.

der if you could tell me more. Does it -G. F. really help? Santa Monica, California

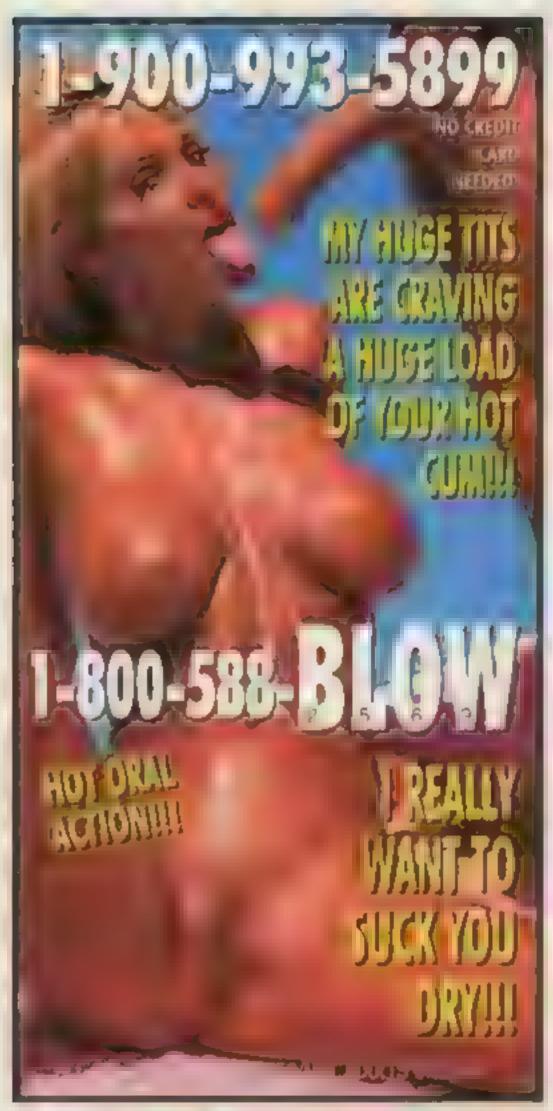
Before you use any type of numbing lotion, you need to be aware of what you're doing in order to know whether or not you're doing it properly. Let me tell you a short horror story that a friend of mine is going through right now. She was so very jealous of my deep-throating capabilities that she had her boyfriend push her head till she felt a pop. Now she's suffering from a tear in the tissue in the back of her throat that will take six months to heal. Take note: Deep-throat must be handled with absolute delicacy. The best lubrication and the best spit is in the back of the throat. The best way to give deep-throat a whirl is to have him lie down with you straddling his face in a 69 position. This way, you're in control.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA

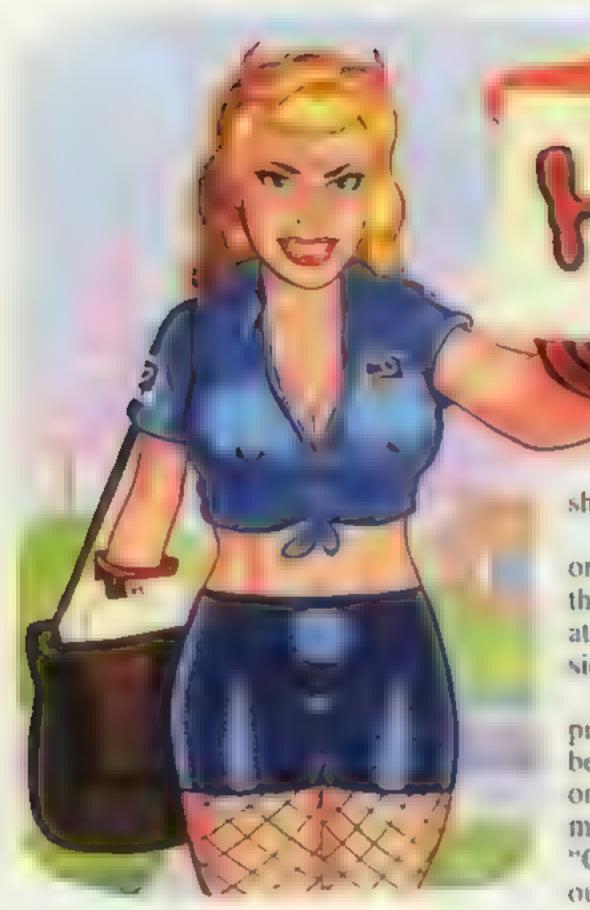


"Life is a short, meaningless journey filled with emptiness and pain." Get all the pussy you can!"









#### BLOODY FOOL

I'm living the greatest male fantasy in history: a threeway relationship with two hot chicks at the same time. Ramona and I started dating in December; the short, built, dyed redhead moved into my apartment on New Year's Day. Then, on Valentine's Day, we went out for drinks with her lonely, depressed, tiny-tittied best friend, Jilly. Despite a tragic lack of boobies. Jilly is an unbelievably choice slice of ass, with short-cropped, blond hair and an immaculate backside. I decided to show some mercy, ply the girls with drink and fuck them stacked on top of each other. Aside from the bladder infection that Ramona suffered when I entered her snatch directly after withdrawing from Jilly's asshole, the two were happy enough with our arrangement to make it permanent

As most HUSTLER readers can probably guess, I was pig-in-twice-as-muchshit happy—at first. How could I have guessed my rug-munching bedmates' menstrual cycles would link up so quickly? Now, instead of dealing with one blood-spewing psycho bitch per month. I have two on my red-stained hands. To make matters worse, Jilly becomes insanely horny during her period, whereas Ramona will bite my dick off if the beleaguered willy comes anywhere near her. So Ramona is constantly feeling jealous, and Jilly is constantly feeling deprived. The sounds of pissing and moaning fill my ears in stereo. What a nightmare! Just writing about their bullshit makes my testicles recede,

I decided to teach both cunts a lesson on April Fools' Day. Instead of walking through the door with an erection already at hand, I trudged in bearing an expression of absolute despair

"Girls," I announced, stepping over a pile of their cast-off underthings, some bearing visible globs of hemoglobin. No one answered, I continued my depressed march toward the bedroom, yelling, "Girls, come out! There's something serious we need to discuss."

Well, those dykes came out, all right. They were behind the bedroom door in a very compromising position: Ramona's fist was buried in Jilly's cooze. My limp schween jumped to life; I still grow wood when I watch their lesbo antics, especially the sick and twisted variety. However, I struggled not to ruin my prank by pitching a tent in my pants.

"Oh, hi, Ken," mumbled a poon-preoccupied Ramona. "Get your clothes off, and help me out. I'm trying to teach this horny slut not to hump my leg like a bitch in heat." Normally, that invitation would incite me to break the sound barrier by ripping off my pants and running to the bed. But I had chosen the first of April to administer a different lesson plan. I stood so Jilly could see me from her all-fours vantage point and limply dropped my Dickies.

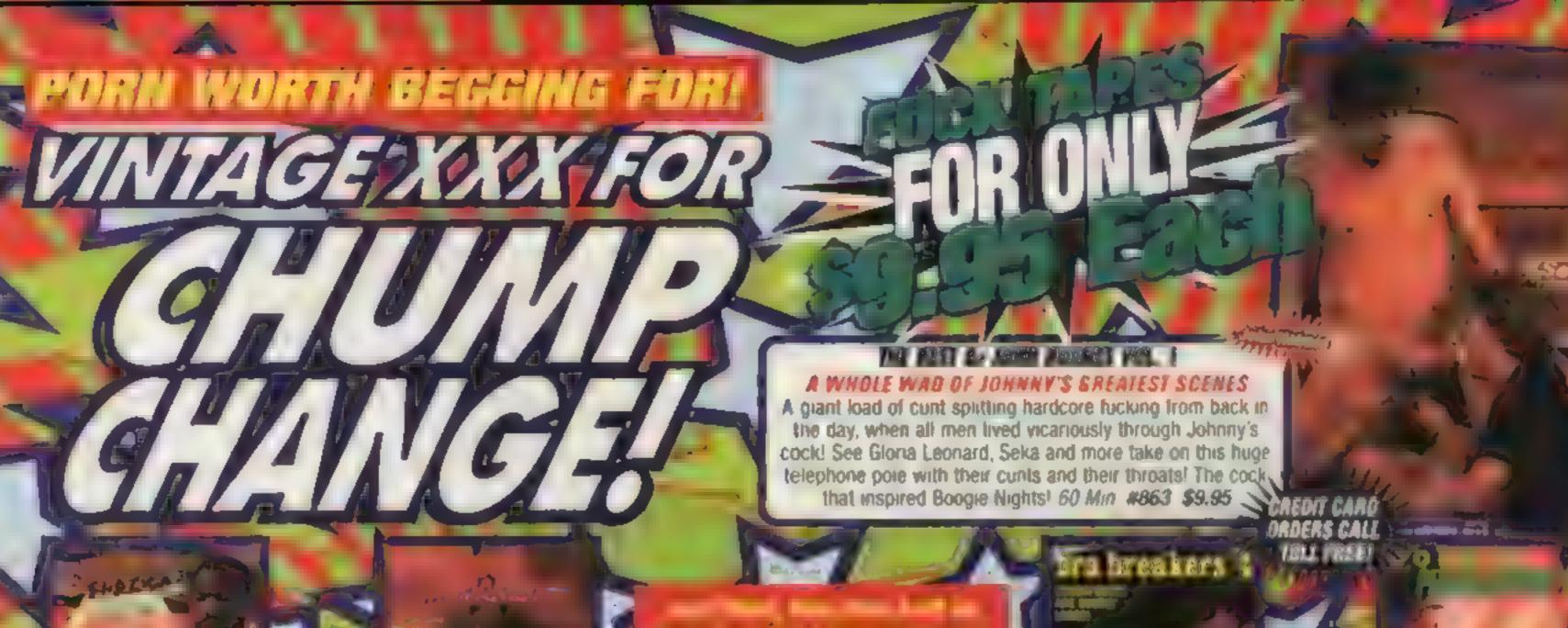
FIFERS

"Wish I could join in, fist pigs," I sighed, "but Dr. Geeson claims my fucking days are over." With that dramatic declaration, I grabbed the wet noodle between my legs and shook the allegedly dead appendage. An Olympian effort was required to prevent stiffening of the johnson. Obediently, my flaccid member lay there like a lox.

(continued on page 47)



April HUSTLER





#### Activities and the order

The hottest inter-racial scenes in PORNO HISTORY Tender white meat split wide: open by huge and brack MAN-COCK! Coffee with plenty o' cream! 60 Min #237 \$9.95



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#### BUT IN GLASSICAL TO BE

in multiple scenes from her hest feature films. Vanessa lays on her back, kicks open her legs and fucks hot studs and slutty curts in a hot tamale of smoldering sensu ally' by Min #224 \$9 95



to end H a tang tomo we fine A THE PARTY OF THE An extremely private look into the private sexua lives of 14 of the 80's hottest X-Rated stars Serena is your hostess for this unbenevably revealing insight to the most extreme took action you've ever seen! 75 Min #169 \$9.95

## INTENATE REALITIES #2

Any Paker Laures de Tora A e Boar S vale har to west & ske hamer and more Kay Parker guides us for another revealing stroll past the private lives of 13 Adult Film Legends of the 80's Take a look at how they fuck when the cameras stop rowing saving the best oral, anal and notfuck action! 75 Min #170 \$9 95



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AD DESIGN. HT



# **Euro Babes**



I HREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by uncredited starring Claudia, Barbara, Jessika, Sylvia Saint, Petra, Melanie, Anita, Diana, Gabriella M ke Foster, Frank Gunn and Joe Lemon Videocassette Metro

Like a Fodor's guide for jerkotfs, Euro Babes highlights the carnal attractions of the Old World, maximizing the viewer's masturbatory vacation. Continental woodsman Frank Gunn ushers in this parade of ripe, overseas poon with a pair of 20-year-old sluts from Estonia Jessika, a brunette with a porcelain-doll face, and Barbara, a blonde with innately lascivious features, make delightfully complementary cock sockets. Parting Barbara's firm ass melons, Gunn fires a loogie into her brown-ringed crapper and saws two fingers into the blonde's sphineters. The pale Estonian expresses her approval in the international language of gasps and grunts. Gripping the bedspread, Jessika emits a barrage of baby yelps while Gunn cleaves her pulfy labes with blood sausage. Later. Guna baptizes copper-haired ingenue Anita, whose boyfriend assists in her maugural cum facial. Her lips a brightpink blur, the doe-eyed, honey-skinned gamine draws protein-rich sap from the testicles that frame her awestruck face Several other similarly poignant scenes make Euro Bubes a trip worth taking

-Shane Andalou



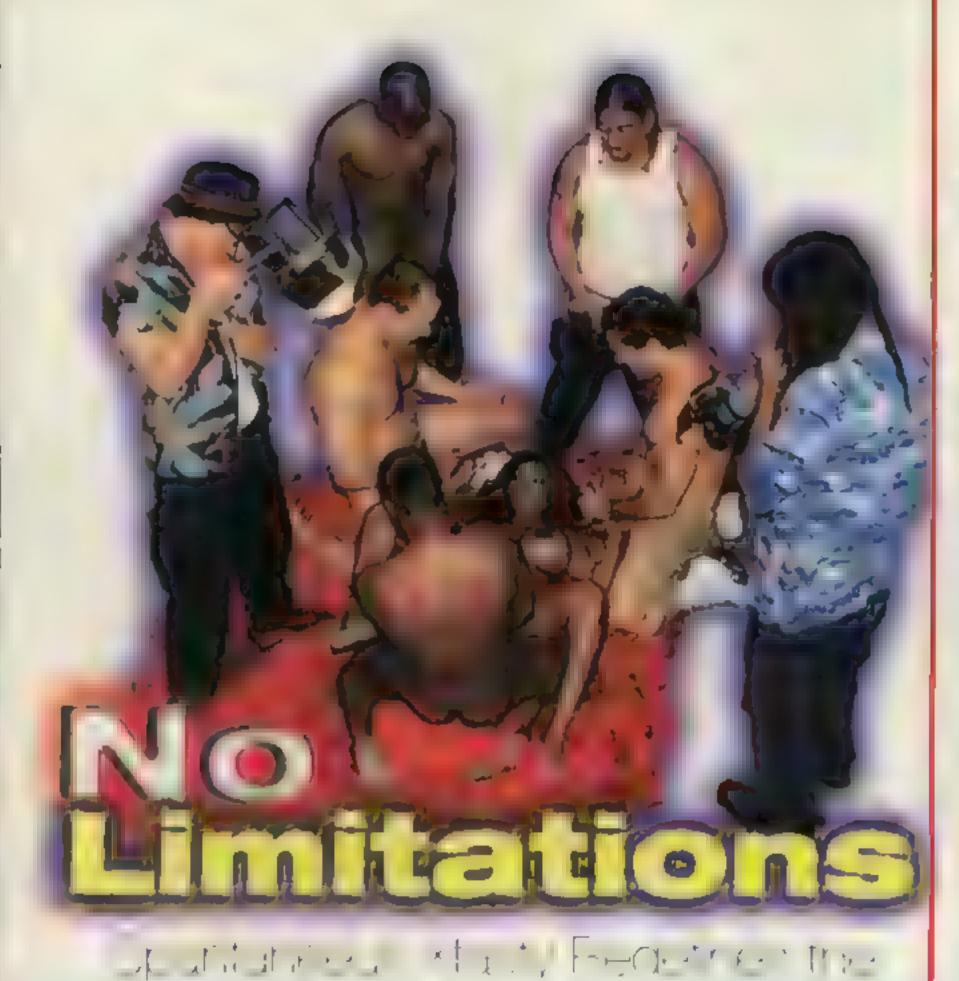
EURO BABES: Claudia greases Gunn's barrel



EURO BABES: Diuna sits on spuzz stick



FURO BABES: Anita bends and blows.



After performing in 300 fuck films in four years. Spantaneous Xtasty decided to retire from the porn biz with a bang—a record-breaking gang-bang, fucking 551 guys in one day to hurtie over Jasmin St Claire's previous high-jism mark of 301 Like Spantaneous herself, who resembles Scary Spice with 55FFs, the marathon fuckfest, filmed for eventual release by Heatwave Entertainment, was a larger-than-life affair

By Barry Trans

into the room on the shoulders of her manservants, the mammoth-mammed sex fiend wore the ceremonial robes of a Nubian princess. The 100 or so mooks picked to aid in Xtasty's grab for the record stripped and fined up, prongers pointed toward the mocha basis of Xtasty's snatch. At director Jim Powers's command, the procession of pricks began. Unlazed by the steady diet of man meat being jammed between her legs,



Spantaneous waxed philosophic. "No ilmitations, baby Enjoy life!"

"At 302, you break Jasmin St. Claire's record. Anything you wanna say?" asked emcee Ron Jeremy during a halftime interview Still catching her breath after lucking almost 200 dicks. Spantaneous relied on her fans to answer for her "Fuck you!" came the deafening response

On hand as a fluffer, rectal wonder Mila made a catty play to steal the thunder Jabbing herself with an electric-blue dildo, Mila sprayed sheets of alleged ejaculate. Perverted participants lapped up the golden shower like fine wine. Boys popped on Xtasty's gargantuan chest bags. Soon Mila was fucking the guys as well. Powers reprimanded the renegade fluffer. "Just suck dick, that's all you gottado-God!" Redirecting his attention to the assembled bangers, Powers beilowed, "Who's hard? You got wood, go stick it in Span!" The cocksmen bore down on the jovial bangee with renewed purpose. The magic number of 551 finally arrived, streams of juzz covered Xtasty's brown skin like celebratory confetti-

Xtasty may have her eyes set on retirement, but the daylong bangathon had clearly sparked her carnal momentum that evening. "I'm not fired; I want more dick!" Span announced during her victory speech. The spent men limped away Spantaneeus Xtasty may lay no claims to limitations, but the human penis apparently has its limits

"Now serving number 303": Xtasty does dick deli-style.

# Size Matters 3

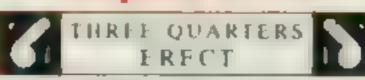
THREE QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Greg Alves,
starring Deja Blew, Emilia, Wendi Knight,
Inari Vachs, Shelby Myne, Mazzy Paige,
Dee, Mooners, Julian, Lexington Steel
Justin Long, Marc Davis,
Vince Vouyer and Brandon Iron
Videocassette: Toxoxic Entertainment/Metro

Deja Blew and Marc Davis open this long-dicking extravaganza with an anal bang. Blew contorts wickedly. Davis spouts a fountain of jizz that the slender slut greedily guzzles. This scene works, and so does Size Matters 3. There's no plot or shitty music to distract; just enthusiastic fucking, real tits and big dicks. Music punctuates cheesy, ancient jokes between the sex scenes. The jokes are lame; the sex is not. Hot blonde Emilia porks black, impossibly huge Justin Long and receives an eye socket full of man spray. Brandon Iron demonstrates a great method for fucking ugly women by dicking Shelby Myne with her butt in the air and her face to the floor, Just when the guys in this video are starting to look prettier than the girls, out comes sultry Dee and Inari Vachs. Inari and Dee join forces to coax the essence out of lucky stiff Julian in this ultimate two-girls-for-every-boy fantasy. Mazzy Paige and Mooners, voluptuously sexy with their real tits and baby fat, round off Size Matters 3 with a foursome that includes Vince Vouyer and Julian. Size Matters 3 is largely successful.

-Dan Panorama

# Liquid Gold



Directed by Jim Powers,
starring Allysin Chaynes, Molina,
Randi Storm, Zoë, Allison Kilgore, Regan
Starr, Lennox, Metrix, Peris Bleu,
Tracy Love, Mia Mikels, Amber Michaels,
Gwen, Alma, Kelly Dean and Raquel
Videocassette- JM Productions

If the sight of bot girls tinkling is money, Liquid Gold is Fort Knox; there's plenty of piss in this Big Gulp. Right out of the chute, Allysin Chaynes asks, "Wanna watch me pee?" She hikes up her skirt and squats over the driveway. A giggle and smile accompany her

yellow stream. Sixteen gorgeous porn stars heed nature's call. Beautiful girls piss in shower stalls, in the grass, on the sidewalk, by the pool and occasionally in toilets. Lennox runs urgently to the sliding glass door of her houseit's locked. "Shit, I gotta pee real bad!" Lennox announces. She runs to the side of the house and relieves herself. "That's the sickest thing I've ever done," says Regan Starr after she pees next to a swimming pool at night. Piss-thirsty jackoffs at home will delightedly agree. The only problem with this vid is it's all squirt and no fucking. but the theme here is number one. not a home run. Pick up Liquid Gold, and strike it rich.

# Screen Play





Directed by Dino Ninn and Justin Sterling starring Juli Ashton, Shayla LaVeaux, Taren Steele, Nikita, Vicca, Charlie, Dee, Rayveness, Danielie Rogers, Veronica Hart Dizzy, Wilde Oscar, Mickey G., Randy Spears and Mr. Marcus Videocassette: Wicked

As an argument for establishing a mandatory retirement age among porn sluts, Screen Play is compelling. As a means of draining one's scrotum, this stylized plodder is less effective. Shayla LaVeaux, one of several rapidly aging female cast members, portrays the neglected wife of Wilde Oscar, In-Screen Play's opening threeway between the couple and Randy Spears, one understands Oscar's waning interest. LaVeaux's face scrunches up in rapture, emphasizing her crow's feet. Reaching over to swallow hubby's lap pole, LaVeaux further shows off her tummy rolls. Logging onto fellow crone Veronica Hart's sex-advice Web site, LaVeaux witnesses a series of fantasy sequences, Most feature hard-faced harlot Taren Steele and offer little relief to the viewer. Playing dominatrix, Steele drips hot candle wax onto Mickey G. Sadly, the white wax congeals, looking like a tidal blast of ball batter on G.'s flabby, fur-covered form. Fresh flesh, notably dusky fuck doll Dee, is introduced midway through—exactly half a video too late to save Screen Play from the reject pile. -S.A



SIZE MATTERS 3 I milia, a bridge to brotherhood



11QUID GOLD Chavnes rains supreme



SCREEN PLAY: LaVeaux crisscrosses cock

# Streets of New York 12



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Neville Chambers, starring Cannibal, Angel Baby Peirce Bently, Nicole Landon, Steffani Angel, Teddi Barrett, Cynder Moon, Root Sergio, Rob Buener and Kool Gee Videocassette: Pleasure Productions

Enjoy watching skanky whores boffing im Dumpsters? Then Streets of New York 12 is your cup of trash. A cellulite-dimpled fuck bag named Cannibal drags her tattooed love boy around the corner from Washington Square Park The two grope, but too much coitus interruptus on the street sends them to a rooftop on the corner of Bleecker Street and the Bowery. The cold air clots the bruised, pimpled New Yorkers' fuck juices, forming string cheese as they bump uglies. Things worsen toward the end; fiftysomething Teddi Barrett porks the director on the roof of a double-decker tourist hus in Times Square. Right place, people. Redeeming wrong moments include a Jewish alternagrrrl and her Puerto Rican homey sucking and fucking on the rocky banks of the East River in plain view of the Brooklyn Bridge Another couple fornicates on the stained concrete next to a bank of Dumpsters; by happy accident, a passerby tosses trash on the rutting duo. If a putz can make it there, a putz can make it anywhere on the Streets of New York 12. *←D. P.* 

# Intrigue



HALF



Starring Anita, Cannibal, Liza Harper,
Christina Angel, Heaven Leigh, Teri Starr,
Randee Lee, Chandra Lement, James Bonn
Herschel Savage, Mike Horner,
Alec Metro and Steve Drake
Videocassette: Sin City Entertainment

A sweet nurse shares an aftectionate moment with her lover in Intrigue. "Oh, come inside of me!" the nurse begs in pre-ejaculatory tervor. Her lover is hornfied by the nurse's tender words and summons a dominatrix "Beat her like a redheaded stepchild," the man orders. After a good spanking, the lover fucks his naughty nurse up the shitter. He sprays his manwich on her tits, kicks her out of the bedroom and collapses on the bed, sobbing, Uh-oh, what's this drama? What begins as a kinky, role-playing soap opera quickly degenerates into a plot-heavy mess about power-hungry bitches intent on stealing company secrets on computer disks. Fake accents with vague origins are heard. Herschel Savage goes ballistic on his wife, his long stretches of shouting wither any residual wood. Savage storms out of the house; his spouse dicks herself with a strawberry-Jell-O dildo. A blackmail plot further muddies the masturbatory waters. A couple of nasty anal scenes save Intrigue from being a complete bore, which is a sad fate for a fuck flick with such an intriguing beginning -D.P



NEW YORK 12: Cannibal and Bently make Bowery string cheese



INTRIGUE: Lemont delivers an oral presentation



In the porn world, where everyone assumes talse identities, and deception fueled fantasy is de rigueur, the concept of a costume party is perhaps redundant. Few who were gathered in the Sierra Ballroom of Los Angeles's Hiton Universal City and Towers on the night of October 30, 1998, concerned them selves with such minor details. The attendees and organizers of the Adult Video News-sponsored Hailoween ballhad bigger issues to worry about

The common mooks who diponied up 50 clams to attend worried about whether they'd see enough porn sluts to just by their outlay. For the bail's planners, the question was, "What happened?"

tumed fuck dolls strolled the ballroom logistical problems plagued the event Erotica LA, the ball's new planners (weary of organizing the event, AVV opted for mere sponsorship), abandoned last year's location, Hollywood's Palace Theater, for the roomier Sierra Ballroom Ironically, the ball moved to a larger location to accommodate fewer than half the number of last year's attention.

dees. (Only 400 to 500 tickets were bought this year, contrasting with 1997's estimated 1,500.)

Among the first to arrive were a group of men decked out as members of Los Angeles's finest. The uniforms were unfortunately, real, reportedly, there was concern that the bine-screen jamboree would clash with the more restrained tones that traditionally color the Universal Convinced that a "no mudity no problems" policy would be enforced the cops busied themselves with seeking porn outs' autographs

The entertainment seemed to run in direct proportion to the measly attendance. A lone deelay valiantly tilled the bill, occasionally relieved by promotion al-giveaway sprees and a typically chaotic costume contest.

Which leaves one to wonder if that faint sound echoing through the cavernous, half-empty ballroom was the Halloween bail's impending death knel. If probably won't even sponsor it again, offers Darren Roberts, associate publisher of AVN. If was pretty disappointed this year. He wasn't the only one

Iweak a teat: Costumed cunts ring Brittany Andrews's bell



# Wet Spots 4



HALF



Orrected by Dale Jordan,
starring Alyssa Arlure, Mary Jane, Jill Kelly.
Charlese L'Amour, Erice Price, Kary Evers
Roxanne Hall, Alex Sanders, Marc Davis
John Decker and Tice Bune
Videocassette: Elegant Angel

Like a cramp-prone sprinter, Wet Spots 4 starts out strong, but limps across the finish line. Charlese L'Amour, the video's flagship flesh doll, displays minor aesthetic flaws: Tiny cellulite deposits ripple her thighs, and her bananalike milk bags tend toward floppiness Piddling irregularities aside, L'Amour also possesses long dancer's legs, a Monroe-like nest of tousled, blond curls and the sexual response of a rulting warthog Tarzan-maned, snaggietoothed, elder woodsman Alex Sanders applies his patented two-finger power jam to L'Amour's dick pits Drilling deep with hammering schwang, Sanders forces her off the bed with the momentum of pistoning hips. L'Amour's chest and neck flush crimson with cock lust. Sadly, things quickly deteriorate. Veteran video vixen Jili Kelly sleep-fucks through her scene. Roxanne Hall's she-wolf routine aims to excite, but cows frightened dicks into flaccid terror; the viewer expects Hall's face to emerge from her partner's lap with his bloody member clenched in her teeth, Initially promising, Wet Spots 4 slips in its own sloppiness. -S. A.

# Heartache



HALF



Directed by Brad Armstrong,
staming Missy, Stephanie Swift, Sydnee Steele
Liza Harper, Charlie, Syren, Petra, Herschei Savage
Tice Bune, Brad Armstrong, Mickey G.,
Steve Hatcher and Ian Daniels
Videocassette: Wicked Pictures

Stephanie Swift sets the pace of this porn Western as she rears up for a couple of raunch hands in Heartache. Unfortunately, her father, played by Herschel Savage, puts out the afterglow and fires his daughter's fuck buddies. We meet Missy, Savage's new wife, whom Swift's character despises, and a plot rears its ugly head. Savage hires a new ranch hand named

Miguel, who falls in love with Missy. Meeting up in a field while horseback riding, they prepare to pounce on each other. "This could be complicated," Miguel says to his boss's wife. "Life always is," she replies. They fuck the shit out of each other in an abandoned cabin surrounded by candles Savage catches the two lust birds, of course, and pummels Miguel before dumping him in the desert He locks his wife away in a brothel, where she's tied up and forced to watch her husband fuck a whore The whore bucks her hips like a wild mare and provides the flick's only anal scene. A lesbian scene and an after-dinner orgy will keep waiting six-shooters cocked and ready, but a melodrama like this is better suited for couples Give Heartache to your parents -D.P

## Reflections



ONE-QUARTER TRICI



Directed by Bud Lee,
starring Tina Tyler, T. J. Hart
Alexandra Silk, Danielle Rogers,
Elle De Vine, Mandi Frost, Taylor Moore
Jennifer Worthington, Randy Spears,
Tony Tedeschi, Steve Hatcher and Alec Metro
Videocassette Adam & Eve

In Reflections, Tina Tyler portrays a psychologist who puts her patients in touch with their desires Sadly, no such concern is paid to the viewer's desires; close analysis shows this video to be a poor masturbatory enhancer. The cavalcade of errors begins immediately Gnateed greaseball Alec Metro plants a palm on T. J. Hart's pneumatic rack and commences twatstuffing. For a brief, hopeful moment, laps stiffen. Then director Lee makes his first crucial, and recurring, misstep. Hammering home the title's significance, the camera lingers on a mirror's reflection. The viewer is "treated," for agonizingly long periods, to a partral shot of Hart's craggy face and nothing else. Subsequent fucking is obscured by bedposts and palm fronds, Equally enticing: Tyler's dialogue-heavy tryst with the gorgonlike Danielle Rogers. Watching two sluts discuss psychological theory is somewhat amusing, but amusing and arousing only sound similar. Reflections reflects poorly on its inept creators. -S.A



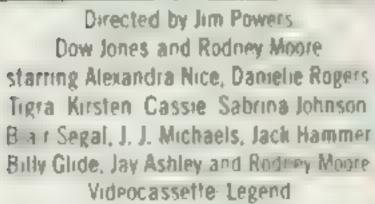


WET SPOTS 4: Arch slut L'Amour bangs Sanders's bone

### HEARTACHE: Swift faces double-dick drenching

# Puritan 21





Many have pondered the age-old question, "What do Scots wear under their kilts?" Puruan 21 provides an answer (nothing) in the context of a DP, J, J, Michaels and Jay Ashley stand atop the Scottish highlands, faces frozen in solemn frowns, Smoky-eyed Sabrina Johnson approaches Before she can say, "Bagpipes are annoving," the tartan-clad woodsmen bear down on the golden-skinned gamine. Ashley takes the high road, plowing Johnson's black-mossed bog Michaels takes the low road, converting her puckered shit pipe into a gaping maw "Aye, we're giving you all we've got, lassie!" Michaels growls, sounding like Star Trek's Scotty. Other scenes in this multi-director effort offer mixed results Alexandra Nice's Tasmaniandevil imitation during her double-pronged dicking by Dave Hardman and Billy Glide handily relieves the viewer's testicles of excess semen Danielle Rogers's apparently ruptured implants do not. Chest puppets that resemble half-deflated bailoons lead to fully deflated viewer schwang and make Puritan 21 a less-than-pure -5.Adelight.



REFLECTIONS: Frost subdues Worthington for Moore's tongue



PURITAN 21: Johnson, gaped and grinning

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE

THE PERSON NAMED IN

Deep Throat: The Quest V (Arrow)
Jeanna Fine Brittany Andrews Kyle Stone

Gangbang Auditions #1
(Diabolique Video)

man Vachs, Marianna, Oceane

Tom Byron: Lord of Asses (Extreme Associates)

Chandler, Jessica Darlin, Tom Byron

White Angel (Metro)

4

HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #3 (Vivid)
Katie, Toni Reves, Jasmine

Sean Michaels's Erotic City 3 (Elegant Angel)

Deia Blew, Porsha, Sean Michaels

The Kiss (Vivid) Lon Michaels, Tia Bella, Nich East

Race Track Whores
(Odyssey Group Video)

L.J. Hart, Randi Storm, Brandon Iron

Sex Offenders #4
(Wicked/X-World Entertainment)
Amanda Hart, Alexandra Nice, Nick East

~

Back on the Prowl 2 (Vivid Raw)
Bobbie Bliss, Wildeat, Victor

Cat Tails #4 (Midnight Video)
Catalina L'Amour, uncredited

Close at Hand (Sin City)
Dakota, Dee, Steve Austin

The Look (Vivid)
Tia Bella, Alyssa Love Nick East

Perverted Stories 19 (IM Productions)
Zoë, Cassidy, Dave Hardman

The Show 3 (Vivid)
Lesile Glass, Randi Rage, Michael J. Good

Johnny Toxic: Action Man 2 (Sin City)

Candy Hill, Kira Porsha

Real Sex Magazine 15 (Odyssey Group Video) Jenny, Vanity, Brick Majors



S M.U T. 7 (Elegant Angel)
Coral Sands, Elena Vince Vouver

Terrors From the Clit (Extreme Associates) Kelly Dean Elle DeVine T in Byron

WetScape (Sin City)
Temptress, Tracy Love, Alec Metro



Grapplin' & Gropin' #2 (Odyssey Group Video) Champagne, Cee Cee, Jake

Open Wide (Vivid)
Jenteal, Ruby, Jon Dough

Vortex (VCA Pictures)
Shayla LaVeaux, Nikita, Tony Tedeschi



Private Gold 32: Lethal Information



THREE-QUARTERS



Directed by Kovi
starring Grety, Pam Lee, Mary Elemak
Diana, Leslie Taylor, Mina, Bolivia
Megan, Barbara, Wanda Curtis, Sophie Call
Timea F., David Perry, Frank Gunn
Mike Foster, Nick Lang and John Lenin
Videocassette Private

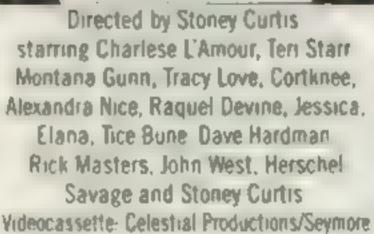
Private Gold 32: Lethal Information is a tale of espionage and intrigue that boasts heart-racing gunplay, helicopter chases and a twisting, well-wrought plot Despite these facts, this Hungarianmade vid is a worthy investment of the armchair stroker's time. Pistoltoting Frank Gunn and Mike Foster come across Grety, Lethal's principal wood conjurer. Her shoulderlength, blond hair a tangled mess and her nose slightly bulbous. Grety nonetheless oozes filthy fuck-pig appeal. Gunn and Foster pack fleshy heat in Grety's waiting piehole She graciously greases their shafts for her inevitable twoprong mauling. Gunn's moment of anal penetration is, maddeningly, achieved off-camera. Gunn makes up for the technical gaffe. Soothing fuzak plays in the background Gunn squats over Grety like a gargoyle. Delivering a playful slap to the blonde's noggin, he growls through clenched teeth and spelunkers the yipping nubile's crap rings. Grety's naturally ample udders swing like creamy twin pendulums, keeping time with the at-home beater's pumping list Lethal Information causes spuzz-filled flesh guns to fire multiple rounds.

-S. A.

# Hot Bods & Tail Pipe 4



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



**Butts Home Movies** 

Pussy-loving gearheads, rejoice, Hot Bods & Tail Pipe 4 is a raunchy two hours' worth of custom rods and custom sluts. Dave Hardman and Stoney Curtis cruise down the boulevard in a '67 Chevy Malibu convertible, 427, four-on-the-floor. The burgundy chariot is a magical chick magnet in the quest for cooze Raquel Devine and Jessica drive up. "Hey, pull over, we wanna see your car!" shouts Raquel. A sloppy ass reaming results. Tracy Love and Montana Gunn detail a custom 1940s Plymouth. Their efforts shift to a handjob when Hardman and Tice Bune appear.



HOT BODS: L'Amour serves snatch to Masters

Herschel Savage is the handsdown winner of this race to the panty line with his black, '57 Chevy convertible. Savage snares Dutch blonde Elana and gorgeous, Russian brunette Alexandra Nice. The sluts talk trash in classy European accents, contrasting nicely with the sleazy fuck ride they provide. Nice nearly fists Llana's snizz as Savage grinds his wrench into Elana's tailpipe. The girls swap places until Herschel pops his rod. Hot Bods & Tail Pipe 4 will make quick shifters pop their rods too.









(continued from page 37)

# Hot Letters Jilly peeled the panties off her partner's raised bottom; in the process,

a sanitary pad was dislodged. Apparently, Ramona was still on the rag!

Jilly disengaged her clam from Ramona's arm—accompanied by a loud, slurpy queef-and gasped from her mouth as well, "I thought you were just going in for a routine checkup!" Her exposed vage was red, raw and still dilated. Seeing the expectant cunny quivers travel all the way up her womb drove my dick mad with frustrated desire. My brain simply refused to pump the necessary erection juice. Thank goodness Ramona was still in her underwear, or the sight of both twats naked and wanting would push me over the rigid edge.

"Geeson blames my impotence on the nuclear-power plant I lived next to as a child," I sobbed, turning in an Academy Award-level performance. "Nothing can raise my irradiated peter from the dead. Nothing...at...uhh, girls?" To my surprise, the scrunt smackers had already forgotten my dilemma. Either that, or the 69 position they so casually fell into was a humanitarian effort to light my groin fire. Jilly peeled the panties off her partner's raised bottom; in the process, a sanitary pad was dislodged. Apparently, Ramona was still on the rag! Would Jilly place her face in the bloody beaver? You bet she did...and aggressively too. The wet flap of upper and lower lips colliding filled the room. Jilly shook her head back and forth. She employed two hands to spread open the serving of sizzling snizz. Crimson slop drooled onto Jilly's chin.

I've never known myself to find the womanly cycle sexy, but something about the supremely unsanitary scene overstimulated my nut sac. Ramona screamed as her pussy was digitally gouged; each time Jilly sent in her tongue or another finger, the probe returned damp and red. Meanwhile, Ramona's fiery hair nestled between pale thighs, lending the appearance of a second burning bush. My poor prick could take no more and stood at proud attention. I considered calling the miracle boner to the attention of my girlfriends, then decided to let my orifice-pounding actions speak louder than words.

Roughly, I yanked Ramona's head, removing her oral services from the gash below to the mighty meat hammer pointing toward her nose. A surprised expression lit up her face as she opened wide for the beefy treat; perhaps she actually swallowed that line of impotence bullshit. The one thing Ramona definitely ingested was my wand, which I pushed back to greet her tonsils and fill her throat. She bobbed her head like the best little cocksucker on the planet, lubricating every millimeter with her hot spit.

Meanwhile, back at Ramona's lower regions, another warm bodily fluid was dampening the blonde's brow. That's because Jilly rubbed the plasma pie all over her smiling face. The free-form cunnilingual technique sounded like an erotic Bronx cheer. I pulled my plank out of Ramona's gullet and shoved it into Jilly's yellow puss, just to give her something to really make noise about.

"Yahhh," exclaimed Jilly, her passion hardly muffled by the muff in her mouth. Shacking up with two women has taught me the reassuring lesson that even lesbos react most strongly to a shot of penis. I gave her a few good strokes while Ramona bit her love button. Upon the reemergence of my gleet-glistening member, I smacked the engorged head against her bristly pubes. The vaginal sandpaper burned in the best way.

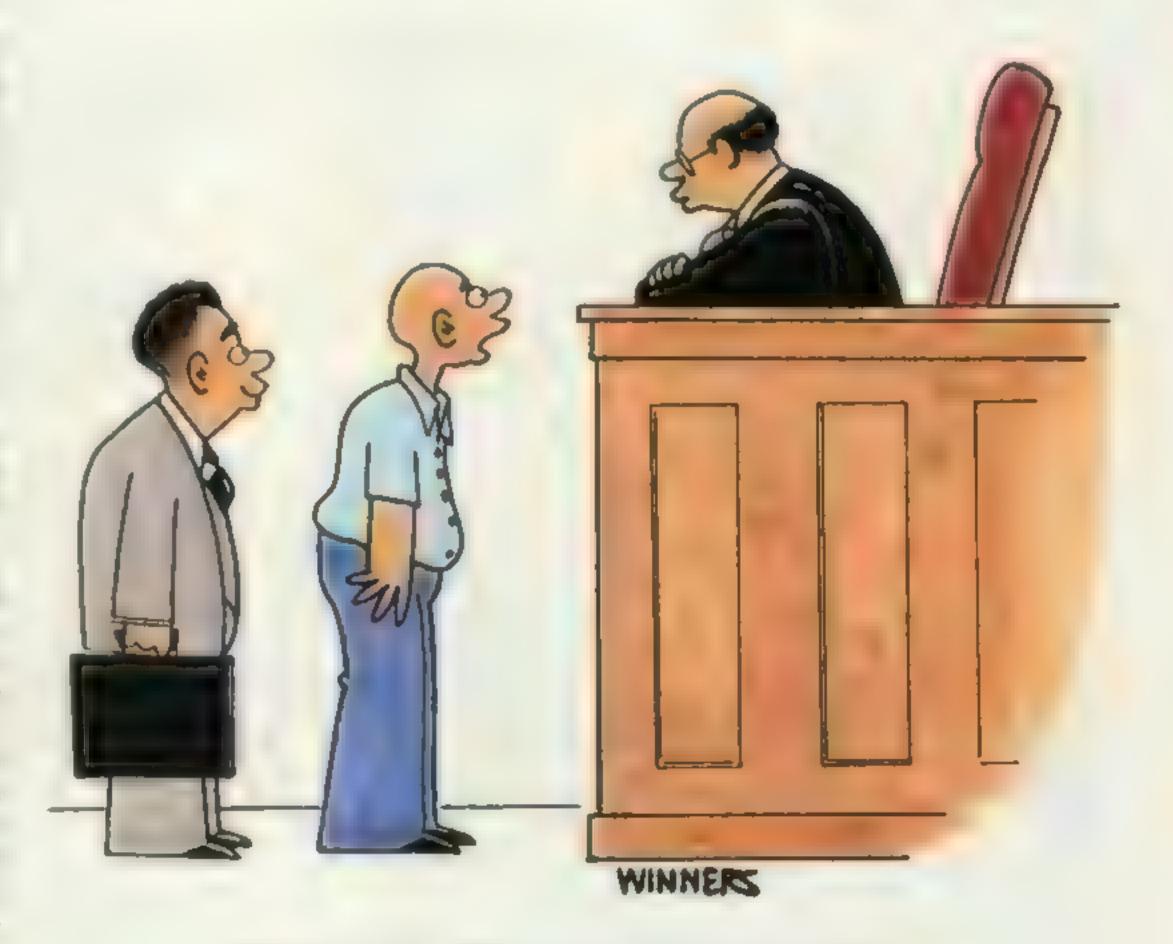
Ramona begged, "Let me suck you off." I graciously allowed her a taste of the tip, but refused to honor her request for splooge. My intention lay between her jiggling butt cheeks, so scarred and reddened by Jilly's fingernails. As I circled around to the edge of the bed where the rump was being so thoroughly lapped, I felt like an anal hunter in biggame country.

Although Jilly had every right to be

distracted by the labes draped over her lips, she was still considerate enough to part Ramona's pooper upon my approach. Sometimes I feel like Jilly and I have a psychic bond. For instance, there was the time I was about to come on Ramona's face, and her eyelids were suddenly held open by Jilly's helpful hands. How could she have known I was pissed at the bitch and planned to take revenge by aiming for her eyeball? Now the telepathic tramp was facilitating the introduction of my throbbing hard-on to Ramona's sphineters. I looked down to catch a leering, blood-caked wink from Jilly. Her drenched appearance gave new meaning to the term red-faced.

"No, no, no," burst Ramona, her colon muscles tightening. "Oww! It hurts too much. Pull out, and lube up." Jilly's mouth was conveniently located below my rectal explorations; so I removed my first few inches and crammed them down her esophagus. She sucked greedily, swabbed my tool against Ramona's sloppy cunt and aimed the pointer back to her bottom. This time, entry was quite easy. Soon I was engulfed in her turgid turd rings. I pumped the butt and let Jilly take care of providing clitoral stimulation.

The potent combination proved too (continued on page 50)



"Judge, all I am asking for is one more second chance!"

April HUSTLER











(continued from page 47)

## Hot Letters "Lick my asshole," I barked. What a sex-starved harlot I am. If reaching my nonny was a chore, providing my own rimjob would certainly be no walk in the park.

much for Ramona; her elbows gave out, and she collapsed in Jally's steamy sex. Hopefully, she wouldn't suffocate as I banged her caboose to a nad-shattering climax.

I yelled, "Get ready, Jilly. Gonna rub my spraying cock all over your face until it's red, white and brown. Like Neapolitan ice cream...." A twitch overtook my groin, and the first volley of chum blasted Ramona's bowels. Quickly, I unplugged her hole and pointed downward; Jilly's tongue flopped about to catch every scummy drop. I ended by practically sitting on her face to push every inch of my gourd down her pipe.

Did I return the favor by going down on July and Ramona until they came? Not quite; walking out of the room and flipping on the television was my final April Fools' prank. Besides, that's what keeping an extra ginch around the house is for. I think eating out a bloody cunt is disgusting. Maybe I'll dump Ramona and just keep Jilly around. —K. B.

Bloomington, Indiana

### EAT ME

Some people take up yoga for health reasons. Others claim the Hindu exercises Making sure all the windows were help with mental well-being. I signed up

for a yoga class so I could learn to lick my own pussy. Don't laugh; when I said as much at the first meeting, half the women raised their hands and admitted the same ulterior motive.

It's not that I can't find men to do the job. Plenty volunteer every day, attracted by my fit physique, pendulous melons and ice-goddess features. Sadly, none of them can do it right. Most guys chow carpet like a cow at a salt lick. The rest possess a decent trick or two...then bore me by repeating the same tongue twist all night long. I decided to take matters into my own hands-or mouth, as the case may be.

My first oral foray into my fur burger occurred after a particularly frustrating date. This dork I met at the supermarket ended up dry-humping me on the couch until he wasn't so dry. In fact, he had ejaculated in his ugly plaid pants. I was mortified. He didn't even have the decency to unzip first! There I was, horny as hell and faced with a spent, two-inch wienie. I threw him out and loaded a romantic tape into the stereo.

At first, I couldn't even reach my head past my flat, firm belly. I realized I needed to sweet-talk myself a little bit. closed so no neighbors could hear, I laid

down one hell of a smooth rap.

"Baby," I began, playfully sneaking a naughty hand to my knee. "What's the matter? Don't you want to give me a taste of that hot, sweet poontang? Shit, honey. you're the finest bitch I've seen all year. Just let my taste buds caress your sugar walls." Sure, I felt a little ridiculous spewing such nonsense with no one else in sight. But the dirty language did the trick. I could sense the muscles in my neck straining to achieve crotch contact.

The musky prize was still a few inches away. I took a deep breath in my squatting position and touched myself lightly upon the mons.

"Don't pull away now," I insisted to myself, "I'm just getting started. Come on you fifthy little whore. You know you want my tongue in your flue. Take it! Take every bit of me inside. I'm through talking; it's time to use my mouth on that tight, pink canal." The rough treatment shocked myself. I worked like a motherfucker to fulfill my selfish desires, even if I suffered back pain or became stuck in the degrading pose. Finally, sucking success was mine.

To reward myself for a job well done, I tickled my love lips for a solid hour. Cream gushed upon my face. I staved off climax for as long as possible; now that I was in position, I wanted to enjoy the fruits. A particular flick of my swollen clit was the last straw before my cunny was consumed with orgasmic spasms.

I erupted, "God, you're so good," and bucked in my face. The loin burst was a wet one. It was impossible to discern my saltva from my intimate juices. Exhausted, I was just about to fall back and stretch out when I astonished myself by demanding more.

"Lick my asshole," I barked. What a sex-starved harlot I am. If reaching my nonny was a chore, providing my own rimjob would certainly be no walk in the park. I would hear no complaining, however; my every protest was met with a command of, "Lick it, bitch!"

Uh-oh, HUSTLER-I'd better go. Writing this letter made me hot and bothered. And now I'm ordering myself to do me with a 14-inch dildo! —A. C.

Delton, Florida

#### **HUSTLER-STORE WHORE**

Hey, Larry-thanks for opening a HUSTLER store in my neighborhood. I hear you stirred up quite a bit of shit at your Cincinnati branch, and now you're on trial. Well, I stirred up quite a bit of shit with the butt plug I purchased at your



"I love a man who knows how to dress for success....

# 





"I told you, Rosa —don't bring your work home with you!"

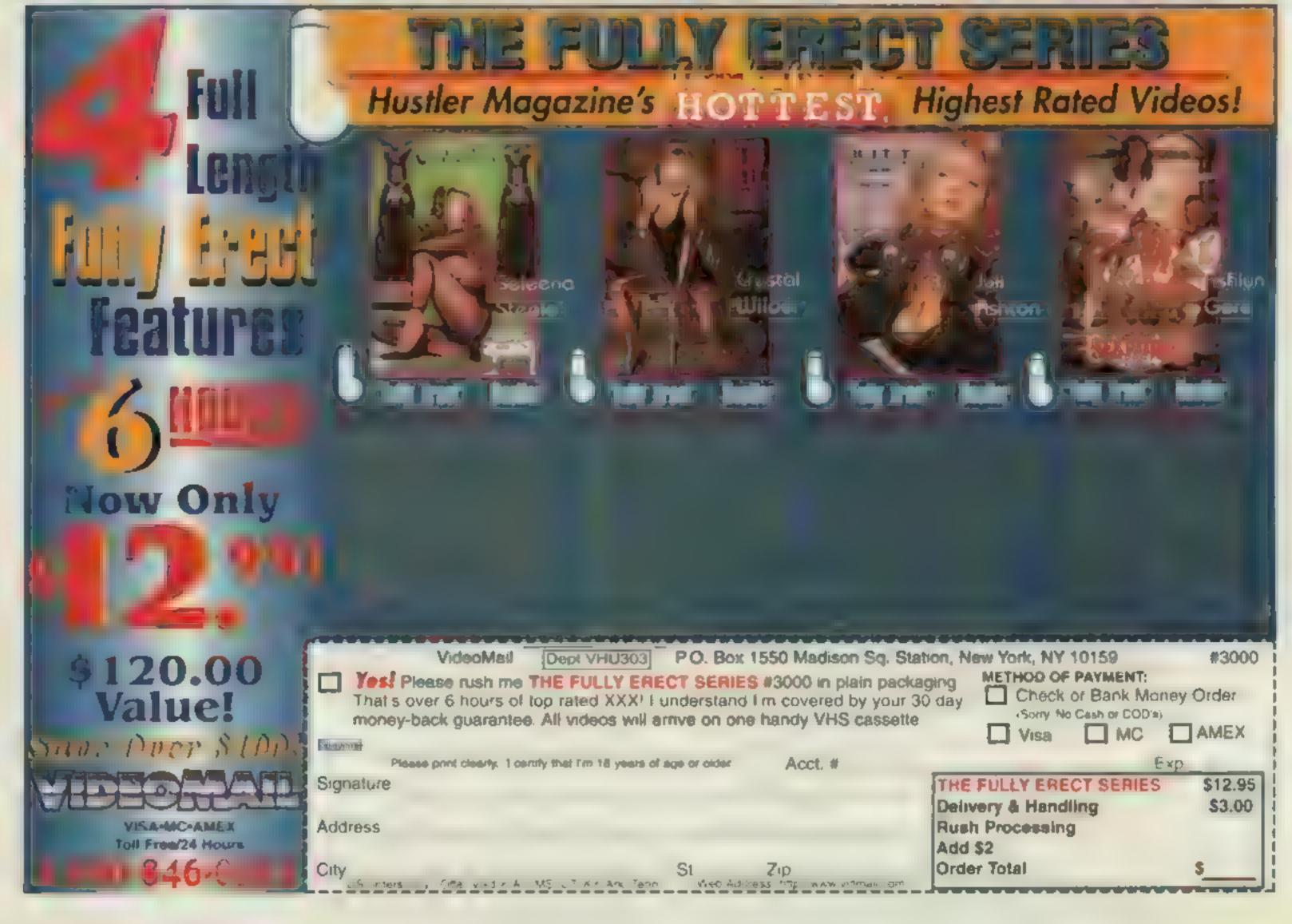












# Hot Letters Our pumping was about to reach a splattery crescendo when Kora announced, "I want something in my ass too! Can you drive back to the store and buy a really fucking big toy?"

fine establishment in Hollywood...and my wife has absolutely no intention of suing. She even plans to offer you a reward. But I'll mention that at the end of the letter.

My marriage to Kora has always had its ups and downs. Lately, my pecker has spent a lot more time in that terrible down mode. It's not that Kora is unattractive to me. Actually, she looks better than ever. I bought her a gym membership for Christmas last year, and she sweated herself into taut, fuckable shape. Her full, succulent bosom has never drooped, and her butt booms temptingly from a short skirt. She went so far as to dye her hair black and sport a Cleopatra cut when she caught me whacking off to a supermodel with the same look. None of Kora's efforts helped; I simply grew tired of porking her bronze cooch. No matter how hot a woman is, there's always a guy somewhere who is sick of fucking herjust like my dad used to say.

I happened to spot HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD on Sunset Boulevard while driving Kora to her date with a StairMaster. The place looked polite enough from the outside for me to tempt my mild-mannered wife with a quick visit.

"Come on, honey," I cajoled. "You loved that movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. I'll bet they have plenty of similar flicks." She shot me a glare that quickly twisted into a smirk. All right, so Kora was on to my game; she was also encouraging me to find a parking space and escort her to the video section.

Kora grabbed a tape featuring a conservatively dressed maiden from the Victorian era and whispered, "This one looks good." At first, I cringed, unwilling to sit through a boring costume drama. Then I recognized the Private-brand label. Their tapes always feature raunchy gangbangs and butt-fucking. I made a big production out of reluctantly agreeing and purchased the fine example of sodomy cinema.

At home, my wife quickly understood we had not rented a Merchant-Ivory film. Her eyes grew wide as she watched a nasty double-anal penetration befoul our Sony widescreen. Signs indicated that her vage was also growing quite steamy; a familiar, pussified aroma filled my nostrils.

"I'm so wet," she admitted, seemingly surprised by her soaking condition. I reached between Kora's legs. She had just uttered the understatement of the century. Even through the thick fabric of her sweatpants, a twat typhoon had palpably ruined her workout gear. I peeled off the sticky garment, pausing only for a deep

whiff of the thong panties underneath. The butt floss was tossed aside as I spread her legs.

I whipped out my raging arousal, prodded the ten inches against Kora's opening and intoned, "Prepare for the fuck of a lifetime." Suddenly she stopped me and pushed me aside. Her eyes were glassy and lust-glazed.

"I can't see the television," she groused. Unbelievable! I had transformed my wife into a rabid porn fiend with one lousy tape. In order not to obscure her viewing pleasure, I pivoted Kora's body upon the couch.

One of her slender, shapely gams pointed upward while the other hit the tloor. She frantically frigged her love button and pleaded for my fuck stick. At this point, I was so horny that my initial thrust banged her head into the wall. The loud thud jolted me enough to hait my pistoning hips.

"Jesus," she screeched, followed by, "don't fucking stop!" I had never felt Kora gyrate the way she did that afternoon. Initially, I credited the new vibrations to the massive state of my sword. A quick glance at the onscreen action revealed the true source of excitement: Kora was imitating the actress who suffered a brutal duo dicking. Our power

pumping was about to reach a splattery crescendo when Kora announced, "I want something in my ass too! Can you drive back to the store and buy a really fucking hig toy?"

Believe it or not, I agreed to my wife's outrageous demand and took off down Sunset Boulevard at 80 miles per hour. HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD was open, thank God; a comely clerk was more than welcome to recommend her favorite anal beads and butt plug. I raced home, slathered the plastic reamer with lube (also purchased at the HUSTLER store) and plunged the fat boy up Kora's bunghole.

She yowled, "Yesss," and continued to moan when my harpoon stuck her snatch. We shared an intense, simultaneous orgasm; Kora claimed semen was still leaking down her leg at work the next day.

Thanks, Larry, for providing some excitement in our marriage. Kora would appreciate the opportunity to blow you in gratitude. Is there a particular time we can stop by the office?

—A. W.

Los Angeles, California

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"I like fucking you, Eddie. There's none of that grabbing, grabbing, grabbing!"

























Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

# Tools of the Trade

WOOD SECRETS OF PORN'S TOP SWORDSMEN

BY MARC STAR . ILLUSTRATION BY VAN ARNO

The sperm-splattered women of porn comprise a never-ending procession of fresh faces, fat tits and perfect asses; as for their male counterparts, the same dog-eared mooks appear again and again. Why has fat, hairy Ron Jeremy been paid to fuck the hottest chicks on the planet in literally thousands of skin flicks? Why does 45-year-old Randy West continue to take home a paycheck for screwing girls who could be his granddaughters? In the business-first world of hard-core porn, men are not selected for looks, sculpted muscles or even necessarily for the size of their penises, although a jumbo joy knob certainly helps. The single most important attribute of a successful porn stud; total cock control.

A man who cannot get hard dependably and pop on a moment's notice in front of 20 impatient, jeal-ous crewmen, a battery of white-hot klieg lights and a control-freak director is as useful in the jizz biz as a chick with her legs crossed.

Any red-blooded nonhomo should have no trouble sprouting a boner when a harem of dream girls is waiting for him to ream their ass rings, but the rigors of film production wither otherwise-dependable wangs. Only a select few masters of man meat are paid to pound pussy.

What does it take to be a reliable porn gunslinger, the stud who is called back in spite of a pudgy physique, slackening jowls or a receding hairline? HUSTLER talks with porn's premier pricks about the art of training the salami to submit.

"There are only so many fucking cowboys that roll through," says Buck Adams, a hardened porn veteran. "It's a brotherhood. With very few exceptions, if they didn't have it when they walked through the door, they ain't got it. They ain't never gonna get it no matter how hard they try."

Contrary to what Adams may believe, many of today's most unflagging bronco busters flopped when they first started. Although porn swordsmen are unwilling to use words such as *flaceid*, *limp* or *mushy* to characterize their early performances, they speak frankly with HUSTLER about their troubles popping out of the starting blocks.

"The first three I did were horrible," says Brad Armstrong, Wicked's top actor/producer/director. "Any dude, unless you get lucky, their first five or six movies are a fucking nightmare."

Even a reliable stud such as Tom Byron had it rough when he jumped into porn. "When I first started, I was terrible. It took me a good half year before I was able to get the hang of it," he says cuphemistically.

"I was on a shoot on a boat," Byron recalls, "I had a 7 a.m. call time, got

seasick, and they didn't get around to my scene until 5 a.m. the next morning. I was tired, and I just didn't give a fuck. There was a girl, she was kind of cute, and I thought, You know, I don't care whether I get it up or not. I'm going to go in there and just have fun. And I did. Once I stopped worrying and adopted an I-don't-give-a-fuck attitude, it got easy."

"The guy who doesn't think about tucking up ain't going to," says Buck Adams. "On a day where you think it would take a nuclear explosion to make your dick move, all of the sudden, this I'm-the-fucking-vet-here motor kicks in."

"There is a tremendous amount of pressure on porn swordsmen to stay hard," says Vince Vouyer, an A-list star, "You're only as good as your last scene."

Living legend Randy West had



"And our tests prove conclusively that Thomas Jefferson not only fucked his slave Sally Hemings, but murdered Nicole Brown Simpson as well!"

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# Sex Play Almost by definition, porn queens are eminently fuckable, but woodsmen are occasionally asked to plug their penises into some horrifying holes, demanding miracles of stiffness.

trepidations when he showed up for his first porn shoot, but his anxiety was eased by good fortune. "I saw this girl lying there naked, saying, 'Hi, I'm Samantha Fox, and I'm looking forward to fucking you.' I said, 'Okay, I can probably handle this.'

"To be a full-time guy in this business, you need to be oversexed, ready to screw somebody about every ten minutes," says West. "As a kid, I had to jerk off about four or five times a day just to maintain a little sanity."

Not surprisingly, porn's woodsmen have developed a variety of tricks of the trade to see them through to raging hardons. Exercise and physical fitness—Ron Jeremy notwithstanding—appear to be common themes.

"Most of the guys in this business that I've seen perform well have been in pretty good shape," notes Vince Vouyer. "Working out is a given as far as keeping up my testosterone and staying horny. Fucking a lot also keeps you in shape." Vouyer swears that his leg workouts stimulate testosterone production.

Seventeen-year veteran Tom Byron agrees "Working out keeps your blood moving. And you have to keep in shape so you can do those weird positions"

Randy West recommends multiple vitamins. "Zinc is supposed to build the tadpoles up a bit and might make you come a little more," he adds.

"Sex is from the mind," says Max ilardcore, gonzo actor/director/producer extraordinaire. "I can fuck the ughest girl and have a great hard-on or fuck a beautiful girl and not be fully there. It all depends on where the mind's at."

Tom Byron clicits horniness via a more natural route: abstinence. "I leave my dick alone for, like, a week or two before a shoot so I'm ready to fuck a door," he says. "I really don't have to go too far into my head to get there."

Dave Hardman decries these home remedies as ineffective. "The trick is: There is no trick," says Hardman. "It's one in 1,000 guys that can do this, and it's bred into you."

"Some guys do the ginseng; some guys smoke a joint," says Brad Armstrong. "It just depends. I pretty much make sure I like the chick."

Almost by definition, porn queens are eminently fuckable, but woodsmen are occasionally asked to plug their penises into some horrifying holes, demanding miracles of stiffness.

"Sometimes it's like cottage cheese dripping out of her pussy, and she's got shit all over her asshole, like she needs to wipe her fucking ass," says Dave Hardman. "Those are the days you go to work."

"When you're doing a girl that you're not crazy about, that's when you have to fantasize," says Randy West. "I'm sure most guys have done it when they've gone out with somebody for a long time. Once in a while, you have to pull that trick at home. Fortunately for them, they don't have 20 people waiting for them to get it up. You gotta tap into that fantasy pretty quick and whack away."

"It's all mental, bro'," says Vince Vouyer. "You just gotta concentrate. I gotta get my dick hard. I gotta get my dick hard. Maybe I'll think of someone else."

"For me, getting it up isn't much of a problem, but sometimes holding back is the toughest job," says Randy West, who has developed his own strategies to control his glop geyser. "You try to hold off, take a minute break or think about Nate Newton naked after a sweaty game in Dallas. That might take the edge off a little bit."

"Personally, I pop really easy," says Brad Armstrong, "I'm fighting it all the way through, especially when there's two chicks. Sometimes I'll pinch my leg or my ear, and every once in a while, you just have to take a break."

"When I'm fucking a girl in the ass," adds Byron, "I'll think how disgusting it is that I'm going up the place where she shits."

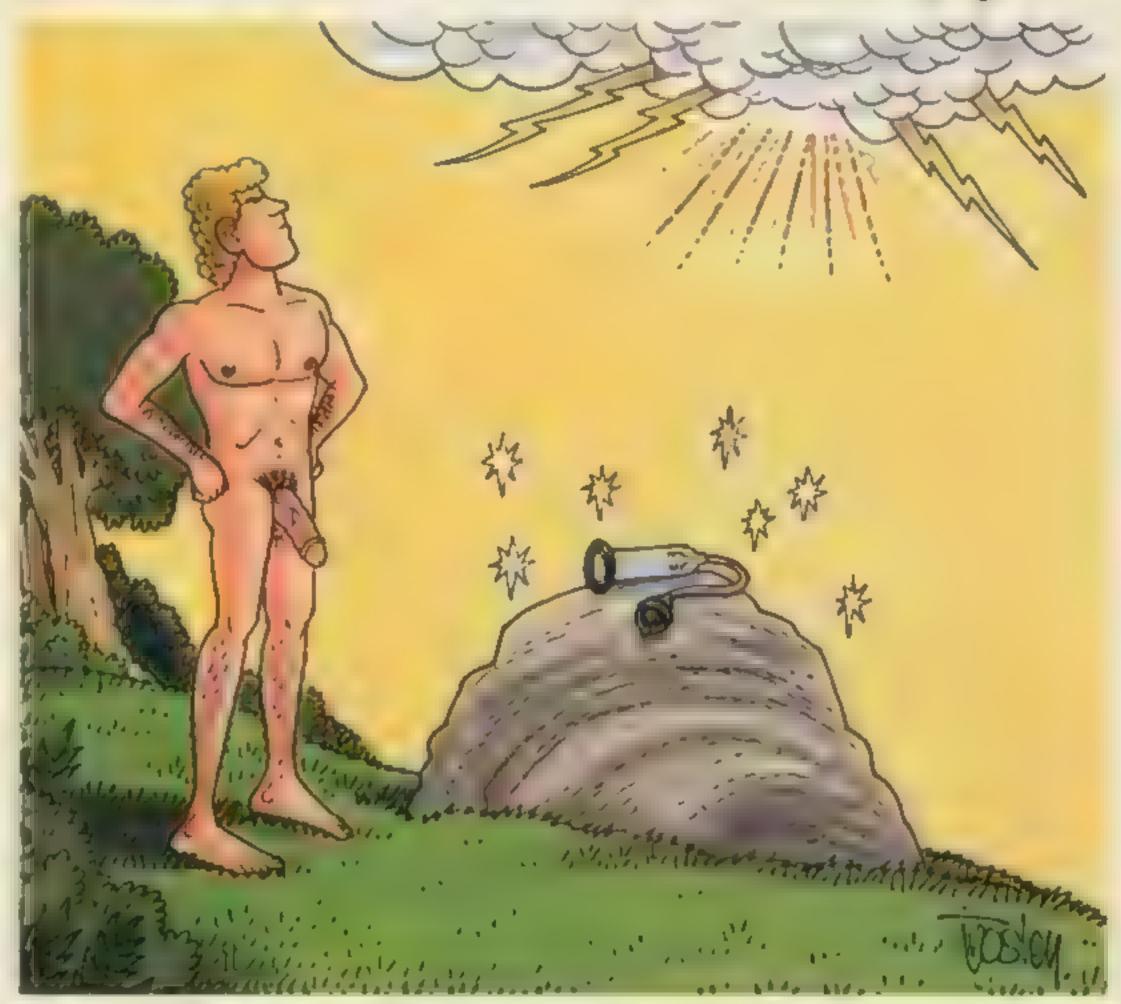
For many of the men of porn, a lifetime of masturbating lends itself to expert orgasm control. "You have to know your own body," says Byron. "You have to jerk off a lot to know when you want to come. See if you can time your orgasm to the orgasm of the guy onscreen. If you can master that control, you should be able to translate it to real life.

"The more you jerk off, the more you learn about your own dick," Byron adds. "Apply that when you're having sex."

Each fuck and every jackoff session can be a form of practice for future porn stardom, but too much practice may be counterproductive.

"Don't jerk off too much if you work in this business," says Vince Vouyer. "You're going to get used to your hand so much, no one's going to match it."

Tom Byron disagrees. "Porn actually has use other than just getting off," he says "It's an endurance builder. It can actually improve your sex life. I know I sound like Nina Hartley now. Watch porn, jerk off, get to know your dick, and you can pretty much do anything."



"Okay...okay—I'll make you a real one, but believe me, Adam, you'll be much happier with this!"





















# The Deuce Giuliani's "quality of life" initiative, which had preyed upon the city's taxicab drivers, hot-dog vendors, jaywalkers and squeegee men, has fixed New York's sex industry between its crosshairs.

This was possibly my last pilgrimage to the fortresslike flesh emporium known as Show World, a melting pot of models to suit a melting pot of masturbators. Not long ago, Show World's potpourri of pussy was available 24 hours a day to sooth the loneliness of crackheads and corporate executives alike. Peep-A-Live stages allowed customers to behold female and semifemale anatomies from private booths, with plexiglass separating suit from slut. For a tip, peep whores would offer their saliva-soaked titties for sucking; a generous customer could dip his funger up to the knuckle in sht. Sadly, those days are over.

It was at Show World, on the corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd Street, that I worked as a mop man, swabbing an endless stream of ejaculations from the labyrinth of video peeps. Over the years, I developed a motto: You drop it; we mop it. Later I graduated to the stardom of fucking onstage. The sweet allure of drugs deepened the experience, and I absorbed the glamour and seduction of "the life" into my bloodstream. All told, I spent years in Show World's sleazy confines.

42nd Street, known to the outlaws and outcasts of ghetto culture as the Deuce, was a neon-laced underworld teeming with wildlife. Now-vanishing tribes

flourished there: pimps cruising the thruways of indecency in custom El Dorados; hotpanted, blond-wigged, black hookers hustling some half 'n' half for cab fare home; Hasidim looking for blowjobs; hermaphrodites seeking tricks; and drug dealers that didn't worry about busts. Today it is as though the lowlifes vanished overnight, replaced by blue-suited executives and tourists.

I emerge from the subway and approach the last remaining enclave of adult establishments in the whole of Times Square. Results of Mayor Rudolf W. Giuliani's zealous antiporn campaign are immediately evident.

ADULT LIVE NUDE GIRLS, LIVE FRENCH ACTS, XXX MOVIES IN COLOR once flashed in bright neon outside grand, old theaters, announcing the carnal attractions that waited inside. These days, the signs themselves are against the law, let alone the acts they advertise.

I'd had no idea how attached I was to those lewd, fluorescent fixtures until they were gone. Where Oriental, She-Male, Amareur, Fetish, and Rubber Goods were shamelessly splashed across marquees, meek neon replacements whimper: Books-Souvenirs-Assorted Novelties.

was a neon-laced underworld teeming Mayor Giuliani's "quality of life" initiawith wildlife. Now-vanishing tribes tive, which had preyed upon the city's taxicab drivers, hot-dog vendors, jaywalkers and squeegee men, has fixed New York's sex industry between its crosshairs.

"It's very, very easy for a politician to have a crusade against prostitution, against sex, promiscuity and topless bars," says Michele Capozzi, who spent 18 years in the underbelly of the city, conducting tours for Italian visitors through what he used to call Fun City. "Giuliani's goal is to make midtown Manhattan a tourist mecca. There's no soul in all of this. It's boring, fucking boring.

"I always enjoyed getting a handjob from prostitutes in the street," he adds wistfully. "When I go to topless bars, I want to get off with a good lap dance and shoot my cum in my pants—that has always been a pleasure. Now it seems that lap dancing is a form of prostitution."

The crackdown began recently. The dickless puritans of the United States Supreme Court gave Mayor "Adolf' Giuliani his final victory in his crusade against pornography, ruling that a 1995 zoning law exiling sex businesses to industrial areas does not trample free speech. The zoning law, coupled with Giuliani's pathological fixation against smut, brought down sex on the Deuce and throughout the entire city as well.

I walk into the lobby of Show World. I no longer have the feeling that I belong there. The fuck books, XXX tapes, dildos and inflatable dolls have been replaced by miniature Empire State Buildings, beepers, walkmans, photo-ID cards and Elvis Presley T-shirts. Show World found it could remain open by devoting a substantial portion of its floor space to mainstream stock, and today there is little evidence that this was once the epicenter of smut in New York City.

Across the street, what looks like a gigantic meteor crater stretches for almost a full block—a block that was once the sleaziest in America. Now it's ground zero for the new Disney complex.

Complaining that the city had been overrun by smut, the Disney Corporation apparently made it a condition of its investment on 42nd Street that sex shops be forced out. With the Disney-owned New Amsterdam theater showcasing The Lion King at one end of the block and Show World, with its legs spread, at the other, it is easy to imagine Disney delivering their ultimatum: There can only be one pussy on this block, and it's going to be The Lion King.

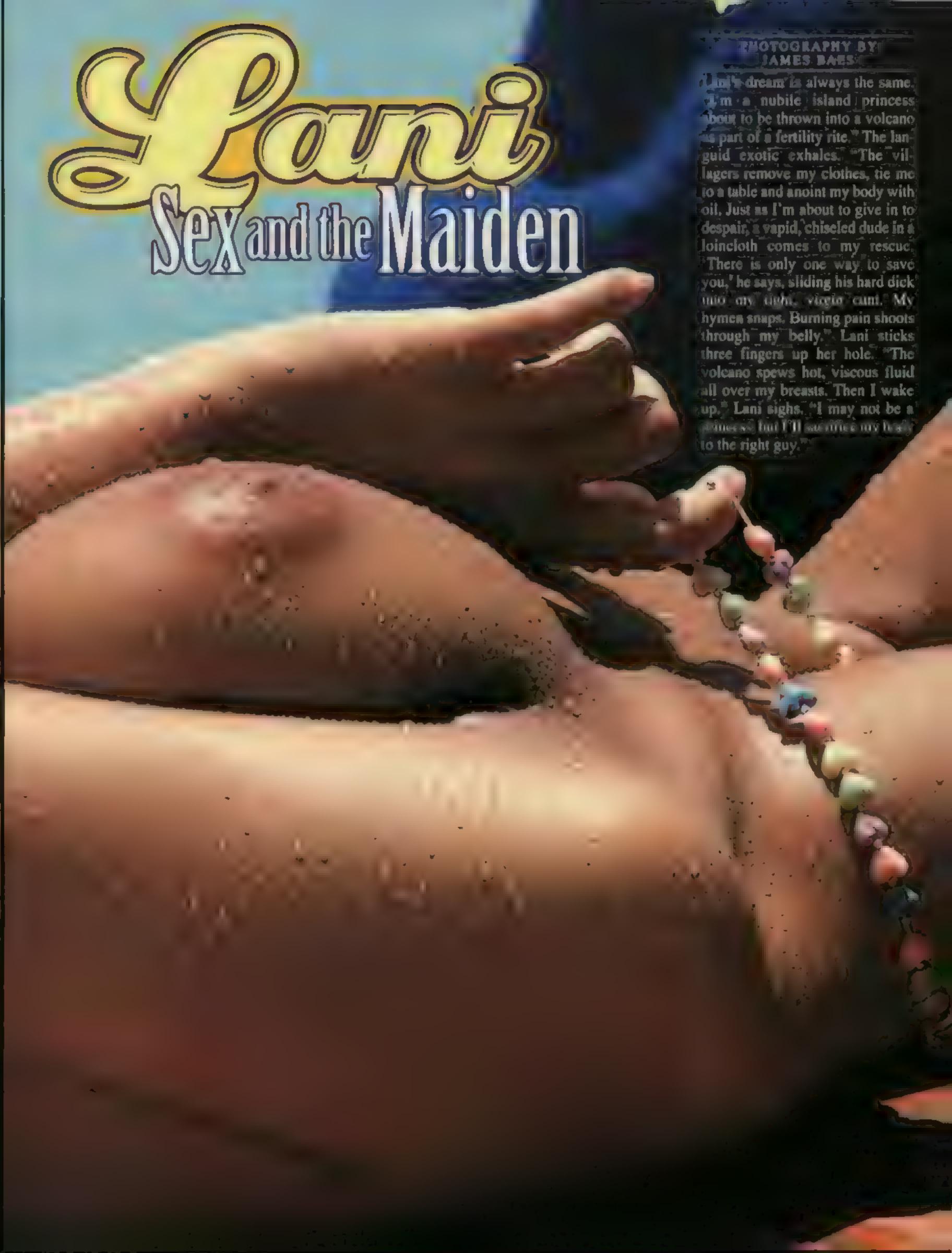
Show World, a seedy fixture on 8th Avenue for 23 years, was the antithesis of (continued on page 78)



"Well, dear, it depends on how you define the word fuck."



Tassie, I'm into pussy and drugs now! Go 'way!"













## The Deuce Euro sluts and homegrown whores alike gyrated on stages, the bodacious embodiments of female anatomical perfection. Titty touching and flagrant fingering were frequent here.

family-friendly Disney and had to be climinated. Today the entrance to the long, narrow corridor of video peeps is blocked by jet-black, saloon-style swinging doors; the corridor itself is eerily empty. Once the sounds of video ecstasy emanated from every booth, and I knew from experience that each screen was splashed with nut juice. Only weeks earlier, a procession of Venus flytraps paraded down Show World's runways, and a turnstile led to stablelike areas inhabited by a harem of nude girls. Now the fantasy areade lies in ruins. Amazon peep queens have been deposed by Mickey Mouse and his crew.

Cruising along 8th Avenue, I stop by an adult-book, -video and peep parlor that has remained open. I know the owner, but he asks that I not identify him by name for fear of reprisals. "Graham will come after me, 'he says I'll refer to him as Bobby.

After I assure him that I won't reveal his identity, Bobby blows off some steam. He's had a lot on his mind, mostly our esteemed mayor.

"I didn't invent sex; I didn't invent magazines. Because of this prick seumbag cocksucker mayor, now it's gonna be more under the table," he says, "That bastard took a big chunk out of our incomefucking 60% of revenue."

Once Bobby starts talking, there isn't much I can do but listen.

"Giuliani wants to close us the fuck down," he continues, "and he can do it; they're using the nuisance fuckin' abatement law-even if there's nothing illegal going on, if a cop offers one of our girls a thousand dollars a thousand times for a blowjob, sooner or later, she's gonna go out with him. It don't gotta be on the premises; it could be across the street at McDonald's. They get us once, we're on notice. They get us twice, we're closed."

I know these girls. It's not fair entrapping them, offering good money for a blowjob. They can't help but suckthey're bimbos.

I have no intention of throwing salt on an open wound, but I need to know what Bobby thinks of the chances that his loyal patrons will rise up to reverse the antismut tide.

"Our customers are the silent majority," he replies. "They're anonymous people, very private. No one's going to stand up in our defense,"

I exit Bobby's place dejected and glance down the avenue at what used to be the most notable dives of the Deuce. The Harris, the Selwyn, the Liberty, Cine 42, Black Jack, Flame Steak, the Super-Fly Boutique, the Roxy Burlesk, Bill's

Gyro and Souvlaki: all gone.

The spectacular awning of the Playpen is still intact, although a crew of Sri Lankan workmen is busy filling a Dumpster with debris from its recently demolished stages. In what was once an elegant theater, individual stalls like spokes on a wheel allowed the peep patron to view Asian twats, Latina lick pies and coochies of both ebony and every extraction on revolving platforms. Euro sluts and homegrown whores alike gyrated on stages, the bodacious embodiments of female anatomical perfection. Titty touching and flagrant fingering were frequent here. Sadly, Playpen's babes-inthe-buff were forced to flee.

Out on the avenue, I recognize Luxury, a longtime stripper, on the sidewalk. I don't run into as many people in Times Square as I used to, but who could miss Luxury, a dark-skinned hootchie mama in biker shorts, with a high African rump? Luxury is as unhappy as any of us with the new Times Square. "It used to be the Deuce, Forty Do-ow," she says. "You could be broke, and you could have fun on 42nd Street, but now it's screwing up my life. It used to be I could dance one night, be it a Sunday, Monday or a Tuesday, and come home with maybe \$500, \$600. Ain't had to work for a week. had everything my kids needed. But now it's like, tonight I paid the house, I paid mama, and I only got \$10 in my pocket!"

A couple of days earlier, Luxury was working at a club in Queens when the cops closed it down, "It was early in the morning, the news was there," she says. "They had people with cameras talkin' bout all the dancers. They were acting like the world was comin' to an end 'cause we were stripping, like it's Armageddon or some shit like that. We about our business! I wish the world was comin' to an end, because us strippers are livin' our last days."

After running into Luxury, I feel compelled to find out who is to blame for dismantling our Peep-A-Live stage and, with it, our livelihoods. Why did they do this to us? Who are they?

A fury inside of me inspires me to approach the responsible parties. I need answers.

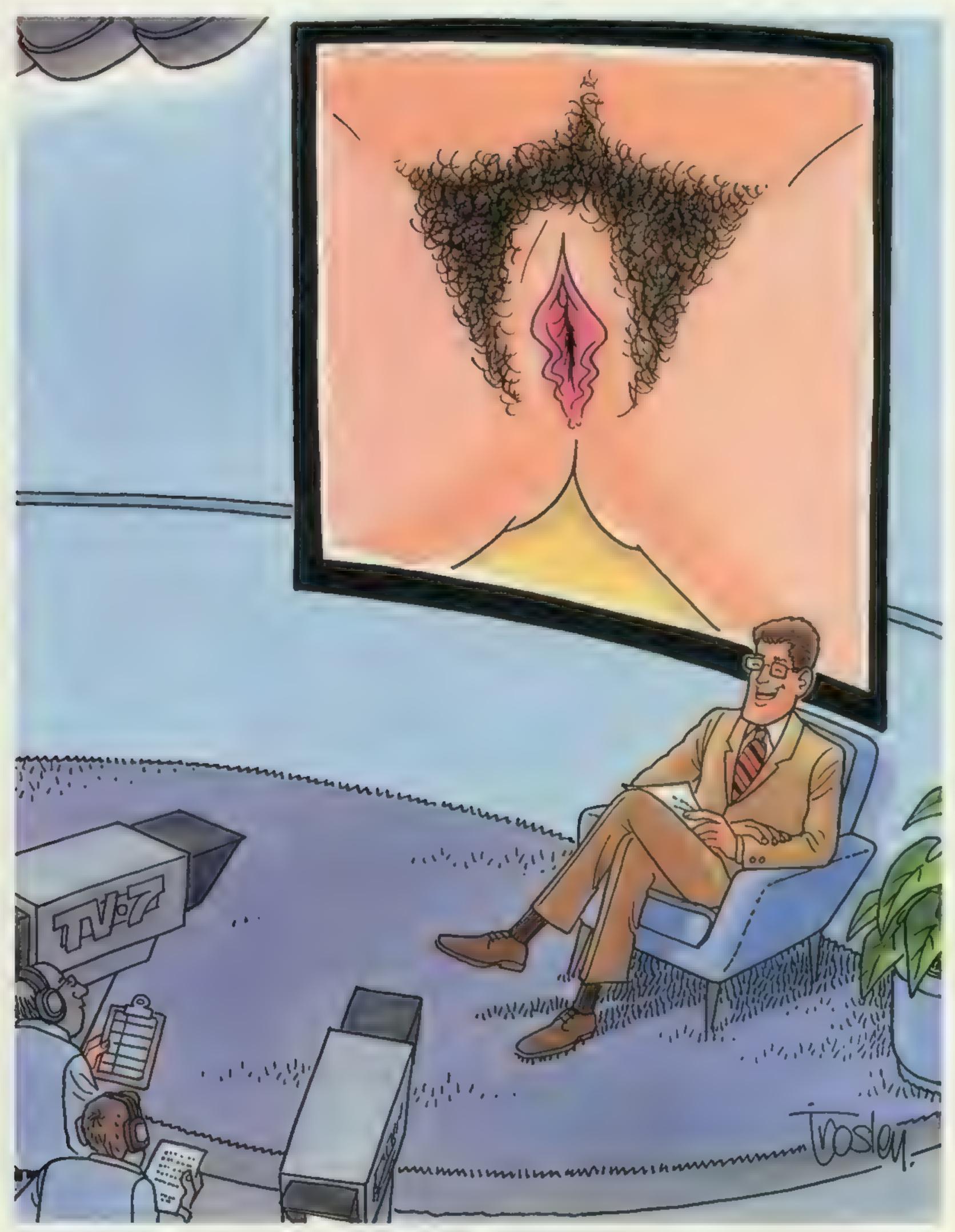
Perhaps the Giuliani administration or even the Disney Corporation would be sympathetic to the plight of mop men, bouncers, dry-hustle hostesses, transsexuals, lap dancers, hookers and peep-show sluts—people who have lost their livelihoods because of the cleanup.

A visit to City Hall is uneventful. Mr. Giuliani's office refuses to see me, as do





"Lady, all thinking people are tired of Rush Limbaugh. Now, take the razor away from your wrist .... "



"Tonight...Monica Lewinsky...up front and personal."

## The Deuce Despite my frustration in contacting the madman responsible for the demise of all I hold dear, I am unbowed and decide to concentrate my efforts on the Disney Corporation.

his deputy and his assistant. Every elected official I ask to see is reported to be in a meeting by their secretaries.

I am determined to hold them accountable for what they've done. I dial the phone number of Giuliani's office of information. No emotional outbursts, I say to myself. If I push too many buttons, I may end up being investigated myself.

I don't get through right away. The line is busy, busy, busy. When an actual person comes on, I am put on hold and left on hold. Finally, I reach Jennifer Chait, the mayor's spokesperson. I identify myself as a peep-show mop man who used to perform live sex acts onstage. This does little to impress Ms. Chait.

"Jennifer, can you answer some of my questions or put me in touch with someone who can?" I ask, getting down to business.

"I'm sorry," she answers politely, "it won't be possible to answer any questions at all, unless you submit your questions in advance. After they are carefully reviewed, our office will send you a statement outlining the mayor's position."

Wow, that would be almost like corresponding with the mayor himself.

"How about I just tell you my questions over the phone so I can save money on the postage stamp?" I ask.

"Okay, give me your questions. I'll do my best to process them," she says.

"Does Mayor Giuliani have any concern whatsoever that the sex-industry employees are losing their jobs? They're just trying to earn a living. Is it true that the mayor would like to see each and every sex shop padlocked, closed and eliminated? Furthermore, what is the real reason he wants to ban this type of entertainment?"

Before I can ask any more questions, Ms. Chait thanks me, promises to process my questions and is off the phone. A couple of weeks later, I still haven't heard back from Ms. Chait or the mayor.

Despite my frustration in contacting the madman responsible for the demise of all I hold dear. I am unbowed and decide to concentrate my efforts on the Disney Corporation.

My calls to the Mouse go unanswered, and the dial tone reminds me I am getting nowhere, until Colleen Hughes, another spokesperson, comes on the line. I explain my involvement in the world of peeps. She couldn't care less about my knowledge of disinfectants or my exemplary janitorial skills.

"I need some answers about Disney's influence on Times Square," I demand.

"We have no comments," she says. Her

expert response makes clear that she is a formidable adversary.

"Do you agree with the Giuliani administration that sex shops destroy the quality of life in New York?"

"That's a subject we have nothing to do with," she replies.

"Did you know that the sex industry in this city has virtually been wiped out?" I ask testily. "Will Disney take any responsibility for this?"

"The Disney Corporation's primary concern is the restoration of the New Amsterdam theater."

Ms. Hughes is being less than forthcoming; she isn't even responding to my questions, just reciting stock responses. I suggest that she put me in touch with an executive.

"All the executives are out of town," she says.

That is the extent of our conversation.

Aren't I worthy of a real response? I know deep in my heart that Disney did away with the Deuce, and it was deliberate, but I also know that Mickey didn't act alone.

The Grand Luncheonette was built into the Selwyn theater and was a Times Square fixture for 58 years. It was the very last hot-dog stand on the old Forty-Deuce. On any given occasion, a cop, a pimp, a drag queen and an amputee in a wheelchair would be there, wolfing down frankfurters or maybe a hamburger or a knish. The Grand Luncheonette is gone too-destroyed in the name of development—and, with it, a Sabrettes wiener with all the trimmings that only cost \$1. The next hot dog anyone will buy on this street will cost \$5, and a powerful alliance of titan realtors called the Times Square Business Improvement District is largely to blame.

The TSBID was especially active in lobbying for the new zoning amendment that was the city's main weapon in the war against smut. A cornucopia of tax breaks to the ominous tune of \$666 million was the reward for expanding commercial development in Times Square.

Personally, I don't see how the TSBID's scheme is good for the city's business. Big organizations won't want to have their conventions in New York because there's nothing to do for fun.

I decide to give the Times Square Business Improvement District a call to see if they can account for transforming a tawdry red-light district into a tourist mecca

Christine Krisch, a media liaison, agrees to speak with me on the condition (continued on page 162)





"And you tell your Republican friends in Congress that I'll fuck more interns and cost them their jobs too!"









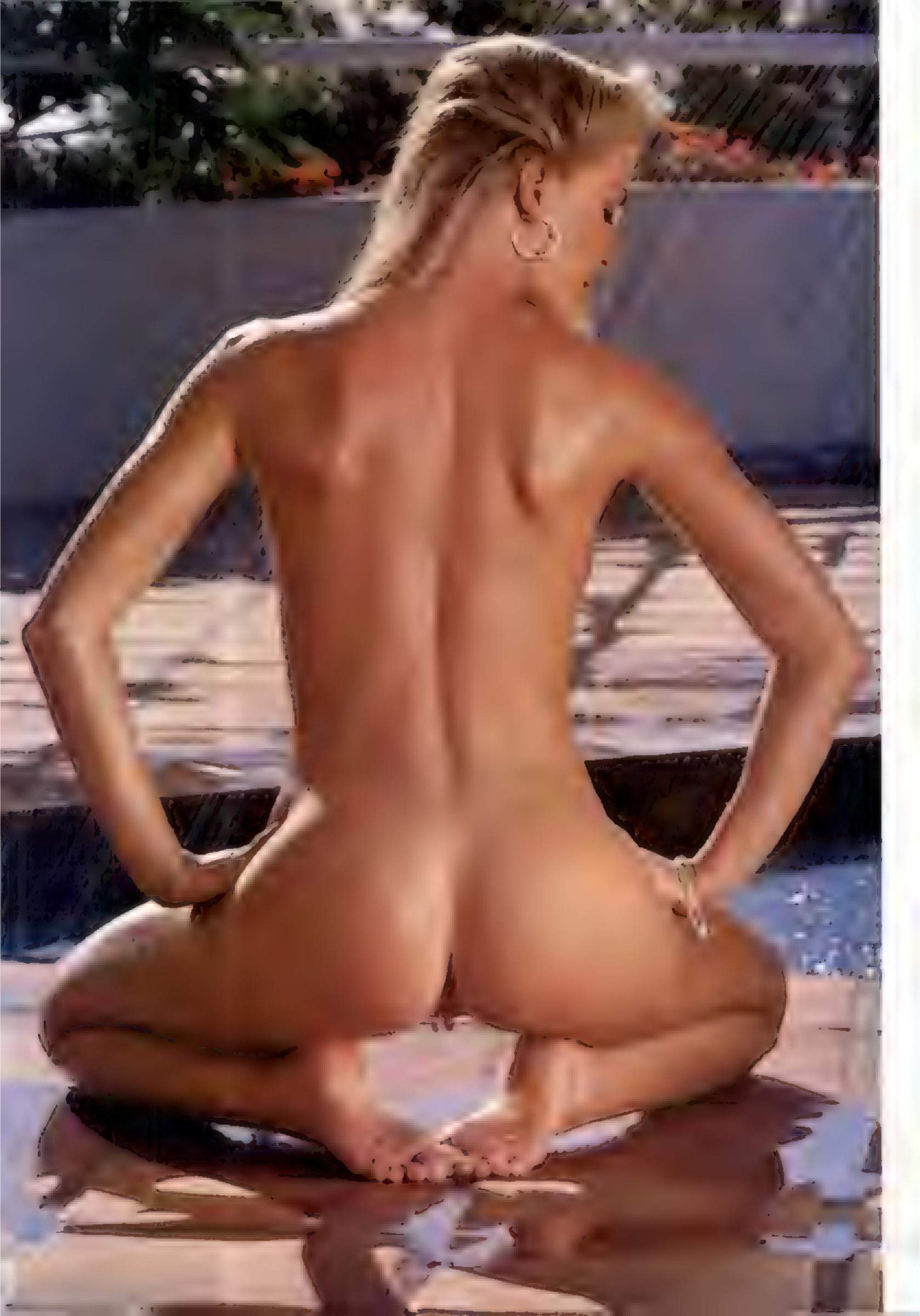














Realizing that his plane was dangerously overloaded, the pilot of a 747 made a desperate plea for a few brave passengers to don parachutes and bail out. The pilot waited a few moments, but no one offered to jump.

"I'll have to choose passengers alphabetically. Do we have any African Americans traveling with us today?"

An uneasy silence filled the cabin.

"All right. Are there any black people onboard the aircraft?"

No response.

"Will all the colored folks please come to the front of the plane?"

A young, black boy tugged on his father's sleeve.

"Daddy, aren't we all three of those?"

"No, Son," his father whispered, "today we're niggers."

Chelsea Clinton returned home from college on spring break. As she and her mother strolled across the White House lawn, Hillary posed a delicate question.

"You've been away at college a long time now, Chelsea. Have you had sex yet?"

"Well," Chelsea answered hesitantly, "not according to Dad."

Question: How do you find a fat girl's snatch?

Answer: Flip through the folds until you smell shit, then go back one.

A man walked into a bar in West Virginia and ordered a root beer. Joe the bartender eyed him suspiciously.

"You ain't from around here, are you, boy?"

"No," the traveler replied, "I'm from Ohio."

"What line of work you in?"

"I'm a taxidermist," the man said, sipping his drink.

"A taxidermist? What the hell is that?"

"I mount dead animals."

Joe smiled. "It's okay, boys," the barkeep said to the darkened tavern, "he's one of us."

Avery and Sue were passionately kissing in the backseat of Avery's car.

"I know you're saving yourself for marriage, Sue,"
Avery said, "but would you give me a blowjob?"

"You're disgusting!" Sue shrieked. "I'd never put that thing in my mouth."

"How about a handjob, then?"

"What's a handjob?" the young virgin inquired.

"Did you ever shake up a bottle of soda pop real hard, then let it spray out?"

"Yes."

"Well, a handjob's the same idea."

Sue wrapped her hands around Avery's cock and jacked it furiously, but within a few strokes, her date began to sweat and turn pale.

"What's the matter, Avery?"

"Take your finger off the hole!" he cried.

Question: How many LAPD officers does it take to beat up a black motorist?

Answer: None. He fell down the stairs.

Two missionaries were captured by cannibals and thrown into a cauldron of boiling water. As the steam rose around the doomed Catholics, the younger missionary suddenly burst into hysterical laughter.

"We're about to be eaten by a tribe of savages," his companion exclaimed. "What could possibly be so funny?"

"I just peed in the soup!" he replied.

The HUSTLER dictionary defines Yom Skippur as: an Israeli sea captain.

Drinking buddies Pat and Mike went out one Friday night. After the ninth or tenth bar, the two sots were taking a piss in a dark alley when Pat made a drunken revelation.

"I just sprouted the biggest boner of my life," he proclaimed. "I gotta go see my girlfriend right now."

"Better let me go with you, man," Mike slurred.

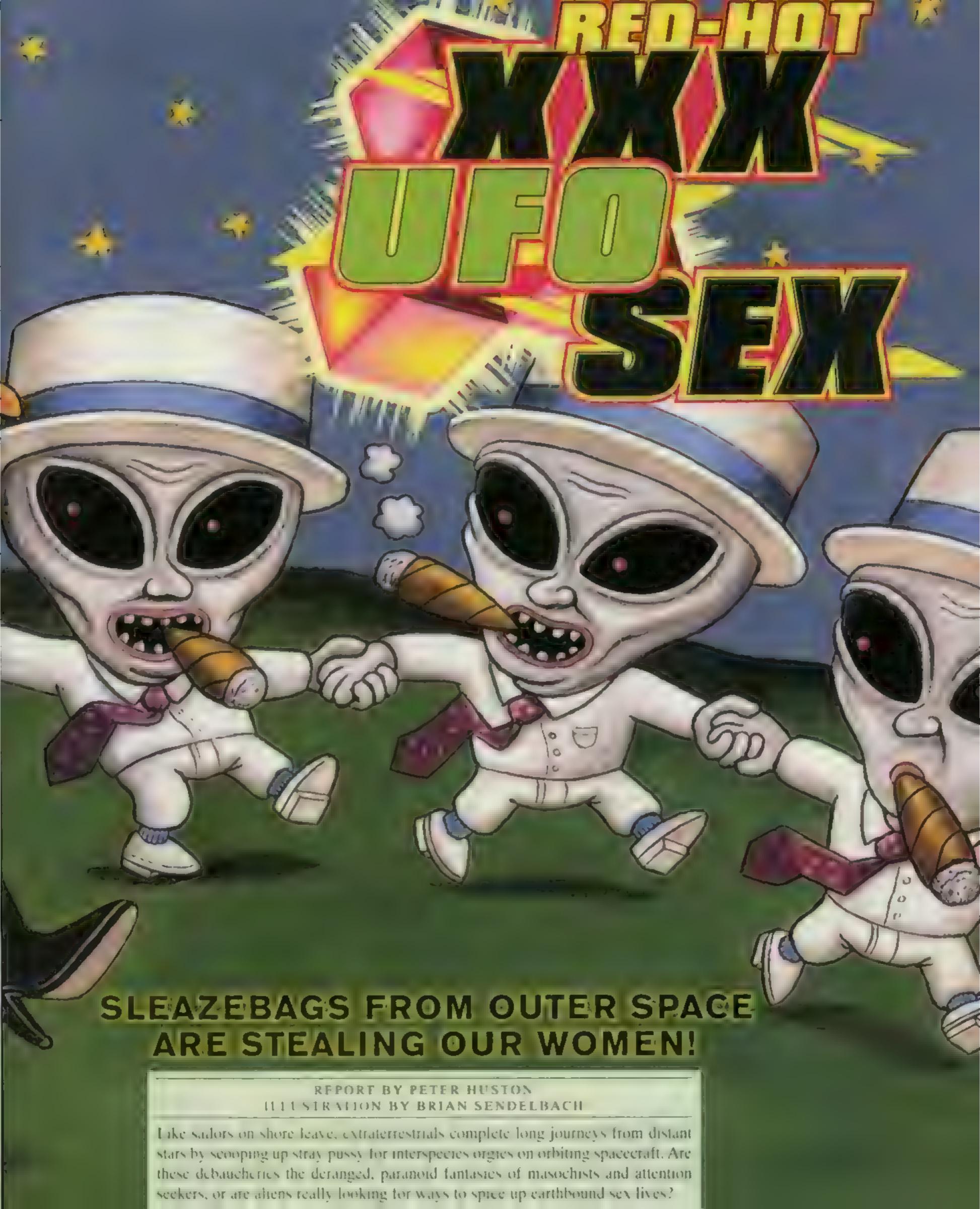
"Why?" Pat asked.

"'Cause that's my dick in your hand."

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IF THERE WERE JUSTICE ....
MONICA WOULD END UP ON THE STREET WILL SUCK YOUR DICK





## been pulled in the direction of seeing ourselves as victims. The sex-in-space fantasy fits our cultural expectations."

Antonio Villas-Boas was plowing a field on his farm in the north of Brazil when a light in the sky descended and took on the details of a spacecraft as it settled in front of him. Villas-Boas turned his tractor around and gave it gas, but it stalled. He leaped off the machine and ran, but his feet sank into the newly turned earth, and a pair of strong arms grabbed him from behind. Villas-Boas turned and stood face-to-face with a tiny man dressed in a helmeted space suit. He knocked the alien down, but three more spacemen overpowered him and dragged him to their ship.

His screams for help led only to analytical stares from the beings, who apparently found his antics confusing. After a quick discussion in a yelping, doglike language, the group stripped Villas-Boas naked, scrubbed his skin with a clear, heavy liquid and released him into a side room. Terrified, his dignity and his clothing torn from him, he fled into a corner and vomited.

Next, a female alien entered the room; she too was naked. She was short like the others, but beautiful. Her smooth hair was parted in the center and reached halfway down her back. Her large, blue eyes slanted outward from a small nose. Her lips were thin, her mouth a slit.

Villas-Boas was transfixed by her high,

well-separated breasts, slender waist and blood-red pubic hair. She rubbed her head against his. He knew what she wanted. He stepped between her legs and entered her extraterrestrial poontang, ignoring the strong, dank odor. He stroked her high cheekbones, finding them strangely tough and leathery. She grunted like an animal and bit him on the chin.

Suddenly the interspecies copulation was over. The sultry alien was called away by her comrades, who deposited Villas-Boas in the field next to his tractor, with his clothing beside him. The next day, he was troubled by nausea and a terrible headache. Later, his eyes burned. Running wounds appeared on parts of his body, leaving round, purplish scars.

When Antonio Villas-Boas told his story to reporters in 1957, he was the first person to recount a sexual encounter with a being from another world. Today, such reports, unsettling and unlikely as they may be, are standard in the UFO subculture, particularly in the sex-crazed United States.

An ardent, vocal core of believers warns whoever will listen: Small men with big eyes use advanced technology to float their helpless, paralyzed victims

through solid walls to orbiting mother ships, where sperm samples, forced rectal probes and actual sexual intercourse with extraterrestrials are almost routine.

A menageric of life-forms has been held responsible for these disturbing attacks. Greys, slender, bigheaded aliens with penetrating, black eyes, are the most commonly reported intergalactic species. Greys are notorious for the wide array of probes they insert into various orifices to study human sexual dynamics and procreative abilities. Reptilians, scaly, sliteyed beasts, are known for sexual aggression and their mind-control techniques.

"Reptilians are not a politically correct species in the UFO community, and to admit to having sex with one—much less enjoy it—is beyond the pale as far as the more conservative members of that community are concerned," says Pamela Stonebrooke, an abductee who is writing a book about her sensual experiences with extraterrestrials.

Eve Francis Lorgen, a psychologist who treats women who claim to have been assaulted by fizardlike alien beings, runs an abductee support group in San Diego, California. (Lorgen herself reports having been abducted repeatedly since childhood.) "A female abductee had an encounter where a tall being came through an interdimensional doorway in her bedroom at night," she says. "She became paralyzed, and the being sexually assaulted her, all the while putting in her mind that she was having sex with her favorite fantasy man."

In some locations, support groups exist specifically for human/alien hybrids, who call themselves Star Children. To say that all those who claim to have been abducted are perpetrating hoaxes is an oversimplification.

Skeptics insist that UFO claims and fictional representations of such claims in the media influence subsequent reports in a chicken-and-egg cycle. Naysayers attest, for example, that Greys were imprinted on the national consciousness following an episode of *The Outer Limits* 

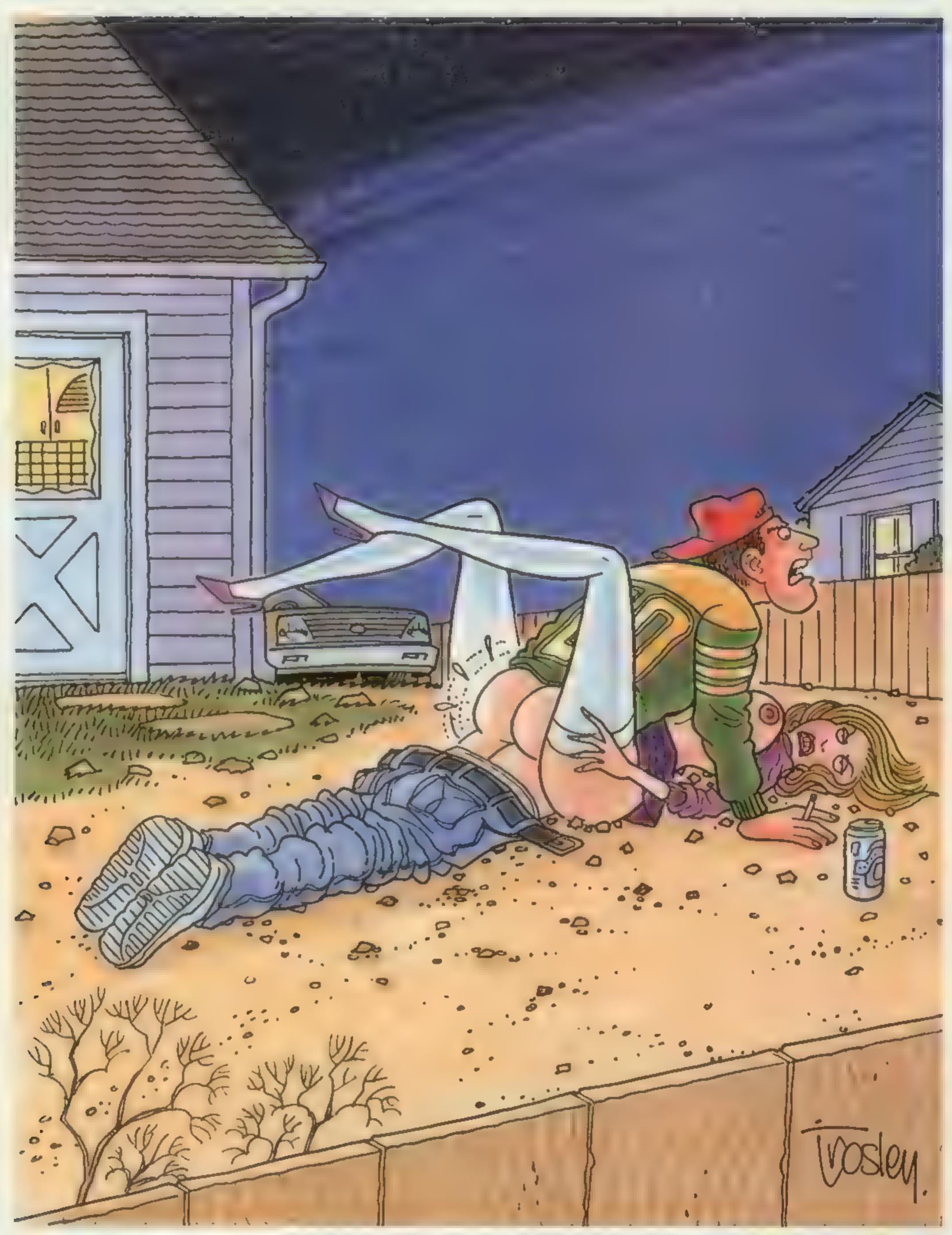
"Our nation has been experiencing a panic about sexual abuse at the same time as we have been pulled in the direction of seeing ourselves as victims," says Pamela Freyd, executive director of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation. "The sex-in-space fantasy fits our cultural expectations."

The space-abduction phenomenon may fit some needs of our mass unconscious, but intercourse with space aliens defies everything that is known about animal physiology.

(continued on page 106)



"If you're serious about making extra money, why don't you start a Dial-an-Asshole service?"



"Oh, shut up' First, you complain that I never take you anywhere, and then you complain that the ground is too hard!"



















## UFO FUCKS "If I were an alien hell-bent on abducting an earthling to have sex with and use their genes, then supermodels would be my pick. I'd avoid trailer parks like the plague."

"Biologically, mating with aliens would be impossible," says Shaun Cronin of Skeptical Skoundrels, an Australian UFO group. "They would have had a different evolutionary history and would have evolved quite dissimilar sexual organs and practices.

"If I were an alien hell-bent on abducting an earthling to have sex with and use their genes, then supermodels would be my pick," adds Cronin, "I'd avoid trailer

parks like the plague."

"Why would advanced beings travel 500 million light-years across space just to shove a tube up my butt?" says Andy Russell, director of the Ape Canyon News Service and a prominent skeptic, "Given the number of sightings, our planet has been subjected to minute scrutiny for decades, but the aliens only know as much about humans as the average proctologist."

Indefatigable in the face of a chorus of criticisms, spoofs and jokes, an astonishing number of believers recount their stories with unblinking assurance.

In 1992, the Mutual UFO Network, one of the largest organizations devoted to the study of UFOs, conducted a comprehensive research project to study the abduction phenomenon.

The Abduction Transcription Project

found that 40% of abductees reported sexually related intrusions. Men commonly reported the placement of an apparatus over the testicles and penis for the removal of semen. Women often reported the removal of ova or the insertion of a tiny embryo into the womb by means of a needle through the navel.

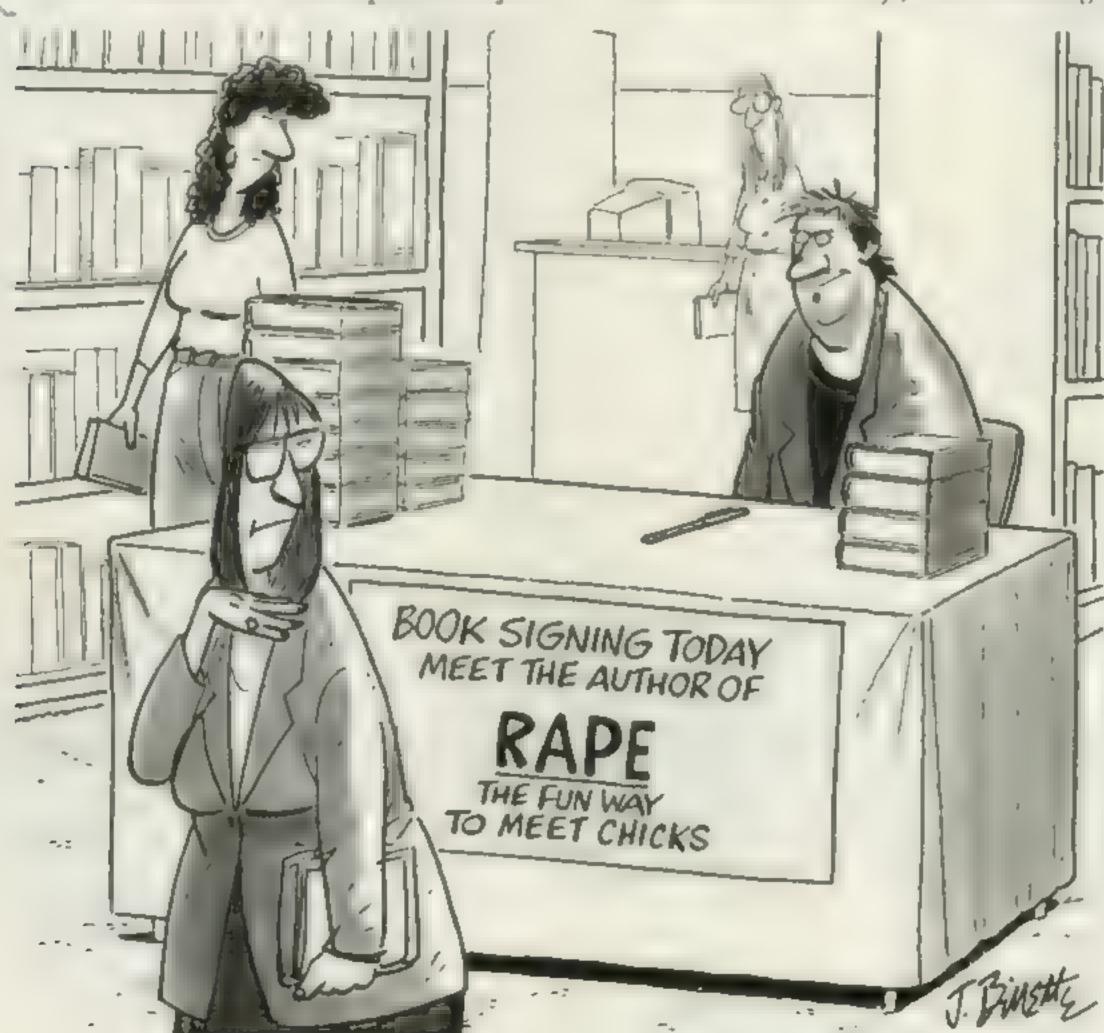
The aim of alien kidnappers appears to be the creation of a hybrid race, according to their victims. A variety of self-styled UFOlogists offer their theories as to why.

"Right now, the technology and ability exists to abduct anyone and take sperm, ova or tissue samples without the person even being aware of it," says Don Horvath, a UFO researcher. "These may be paraphysical beings that are attempting to gain a foothold in our world. To do so, they must not only extract physical substance from humans, but emotional and spiritual substance as well."

"It goes back to why they can't find the missing link," says Heidi Black, a UFO researcher and former abductee, from her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. "Because [aliens] are trying to create a hybrid species, which they've been doing for thousands of years."

Are these people simply kooks?

"Their hands were soft, even soothing.



but there were so many of them that it felt a little as if I were being passed along by rows of insects. There were clothes strewn about, and two of the stocky ones pulled my legs apart.

"The next thing I knew, I was being shown an enormous and extremely ugly object, gray and scaly, with a sort of network of wires on the end. It was at least a foot long, narrow, and triangular in structure. They inserted this thing into my rectum. It seemed to swarm into me as if it had a life of its own. Apparently its purpose was to take samples, possibly of fecal matter, but at the time I had the impression that I was being raped, and for the first time, I felt anger."

-Whitley Strieber Communion

The study of UFOs has been the object of ridicule by the mainstream scientific community, but not long ago, the U.S. government, the CIA and the U.S. Air Force deemed the issue serious enough to warrant investigations. Project Grudge, the Air Force's UFO-investigation unit, eventually concluded that abductees were suffering hallucinations coupled with a will to believe.

Mainstream psychoanalysts have taken on clients complaining of alien abductions, often finding that repressed memories of incest and child abuse are transferred onto fantasies of alien kidnapping and sexual assaults.

In other cases, a deep-seated xenophobia is coupled with the fetishization of strangers.

"Sex with strangers, particularly dangerous strangers, is a big thing in fantasies, particularly for women," says Fiona Jerome, editor of the British magazine Bizarre.

"What frightens us can be transformed into a tingly thrill—from barbarian hoards to white-slave traders whisking respectable Victorian girls off to an unspeakable fate," says Jerome. "I don't see much difference between that and people fixated on being molested by aliens,"

"During dream states, the person becomes more sensitive to their internal physiology," says Michael Persinger, a neuroscientist and researcher in Ontario, Canada. "In women, this can manifest as a sensation in their deep, deep vagina. With men, this can manifest as a sensitivity deep within their anal regions."

Persinger suggests that dream sensations may be misinterpreted as actual sexual contact.

(continued on page 114)



"You should be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Starr-now get!"



















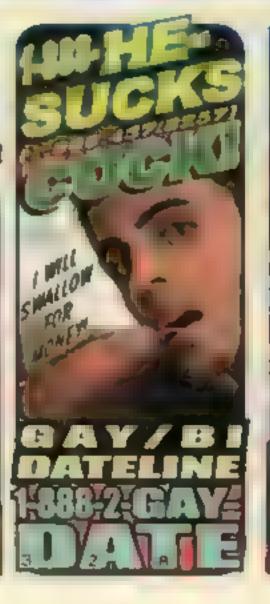


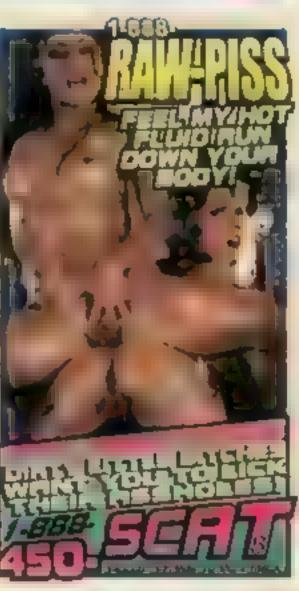


























































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(continued from page 106)

#### UFO FUCKS She reached between her legs and felt scales, like those of a giant snake, stuck in her pubic hair and glued to her inner thighs by a gelatinous substance.

Hard-boiled scientific inquiry has typically focused on the search for physical evidence, such as an artifact of nonhuman manufacture or a material of extraterrestrial origin.

Richard Price of Cohoes, New York, insists that he has such evidence. "My abduction didn't have anything to do with sex, except where they put the implant," says Price, who claims that he was abducted in 1955 at age eight and that extraterrestrials put an implant in his penis. Price had the long, thin body removed and writes and lectures about his experience and the alien artifact.

Dr. David Pritchard, a physicist at MIT, analyzed Price's implant and concluded that a cotton thread from Price's underwear became lodged in his urethra and was gradually surrounded by a growth of collagen.

Sheila Flesch of Weare, New Hampshire, awoke one night in 1987 in the throes of sexual passion. She was sweating, and her nightshirt was torn open, revealing her breasts. "I remembered I felt a weight on top of me and something moving inside of me. I thought it might be my husband, but there was nothing. It seemed too real to have been a dream."

Even Sheila's pussy was sore. She reached between her legs and felt scales, like those of a giant snake, stuck in her pubic hair and glued to her inner thighs by a gelatinous substance.

Three months later, Sheila was taken from the same bed by an unseen force. She found herself onboard an alien spacecraft, "They ran a scanner over my body, and data appeared on a screen, I was in a round chamber with metal pipes running in deep grooves. I was strapped to a square, metal table, and an alien stood at each foot, looking into my vagina, which was held open by a sort of speculum. A taller alien, with high, peaked eyes and a narrow neck, slid a thin, metal pole inside me. I looked into its eyes: They were slits, like a lizard's eyes. I could feel a deep pounding, like a hammer on my cervix. That was how they took the baby away from me."

Within the field of UFO abductions, best-selling writer Budd Hopkins is frequently cited as a guiding force. The 1981 release of his book Missing Time popularized the notion of a sex-crazed extraterrestrial who paralyzed its victims and sexually violated them. Traveling, lecturing, investigating, meeting potential

abductees, Hopkins attracted a following.

David Jacobs is a history professor at Temple University, where he teaches the only accredited course on UFOs in the country. In his recent book, The Secret Agenda: What Aliens Really Want and How They Plan to Get It, Jacobs develops his theory that cosmic space brothers are not only raping humans as individuals, they are raping the entire planet, with the ultimate goal of creation of a hybrid species and the enslavement of the human race.

The leader of the UFO-abductionresearch pack is Dr. John Mack, a Harvard Medical School psychiatry professor and Pulitzer Prize winner, who states that aliens have "invaded our physical reality" and are "affecting the lives of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people."

Mack believes that his patients are being abducted and sexually abused by aliens. "In case after case, I've been impressed with the consistency of the story, the sincerity with which people tell their stories, the power of feelings connected with this, the self-doubt-all the appropriate responses that these people have to their experiences," he says.

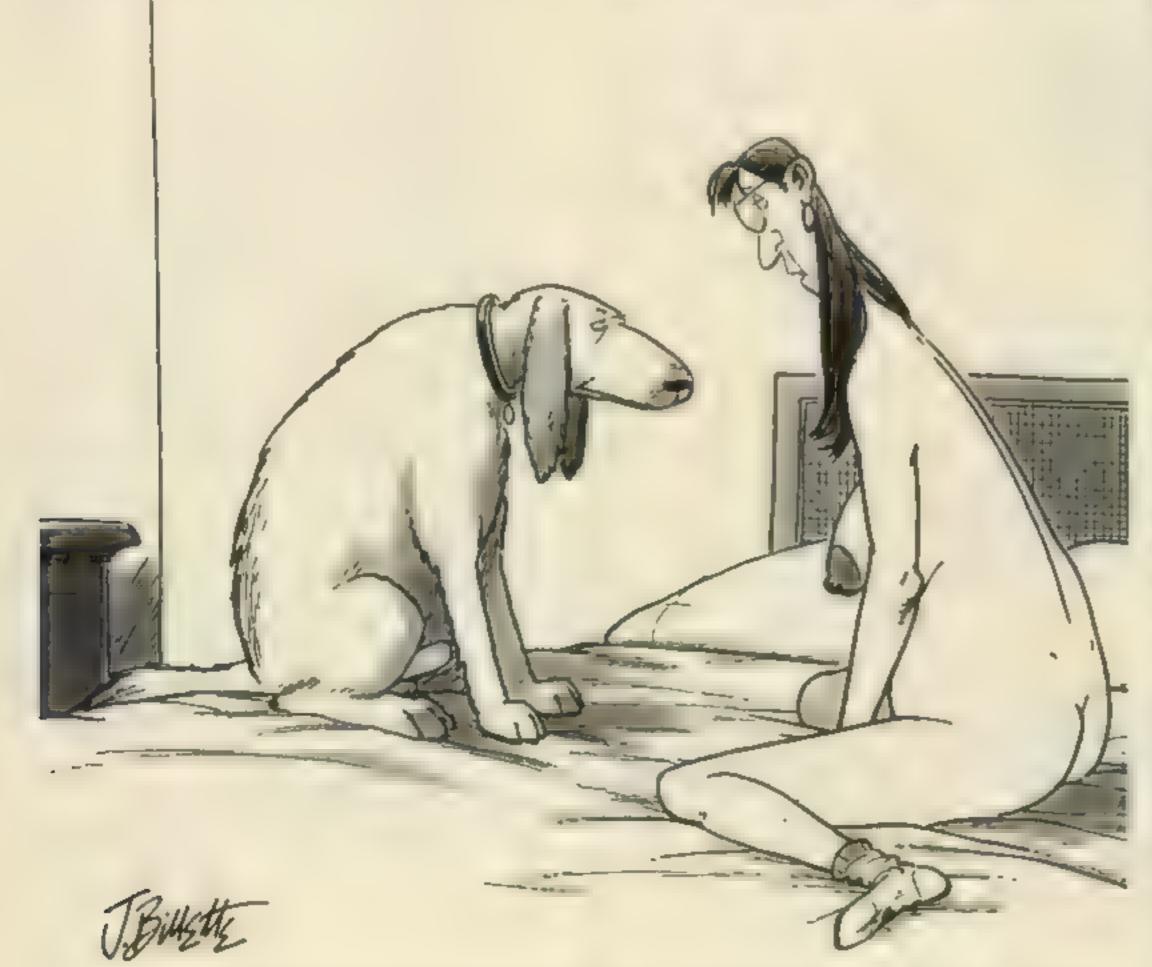
"The difficulty for our society and for our mentality is we have a kind of either/or mentality," he says. Mack suggests that traditional notions of reality may be obsolete.

In 1995, Harvard University set up a faculty committee to investigate Mack's research methods. His many critics claim that he has abandoned scientific objectivity and misused the techniques of hypnosis to induce false memories of contact with interstellar beings. Harvard closed its investigation after a year without issuing a censure, but urged Mack, formerly on the board of advisors for Werner Erhard's est, to use scholarly rigor in his research.

John Mack has used his stature to lend credibility to his astounding claims, but the derision he draws from critics may have more to do with the tidy income he makes from his best-selling UFO books. Mack even employs a publicist, PR With a Purpose Inc., to peddle his wares.

"Horny aliens coming to Earth abducting people is amusing and, for obvious reasons, ludicrous, but it is also marketable," says Shaun Cronin. "Sex and money do go well together. Throw in a few aliens, and you have a unique story that will hold people's attention for 15 minutes."

The alien-abduction phenomenon is a cash cow. A regular procession of self-(continued on page 162)



"Look, we've had fun, but it's just not working out. I'd like to start seeing other breeds."



"Now here's Vic with a look at the city's nightlife...."



Photo by Eriend

sex in the rain." Heavy flooding predicted for certain southern regions.

Photo by Hoyfriend

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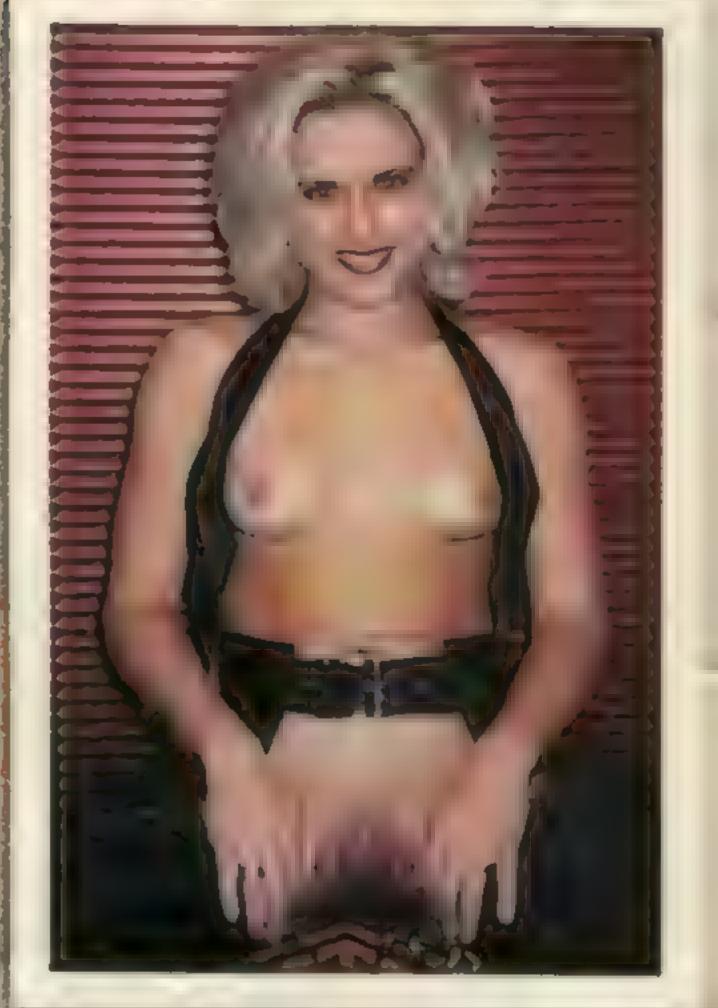
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Sometimes even leather mistresses show their vulnerable side. Holly is a 23-year-old student from Cincinnuti, Ohio, who wants to go to a fancy restaurant with her boyfriend, "where my pussy will be the main course." What do you do for an appetizer, Holly?

Photo by Bos friend

Shaina is a clerk who calls Rapid City, South Dakota, home. The 25-year-old aspiring model enjoys dining out at Chinese restaurants, but her favorite exotic deheacy is "my boyfriend's COCK!" Sure, dick is delicious, Shaina, but are you hungry again an hour later? Photo by Boxfriend



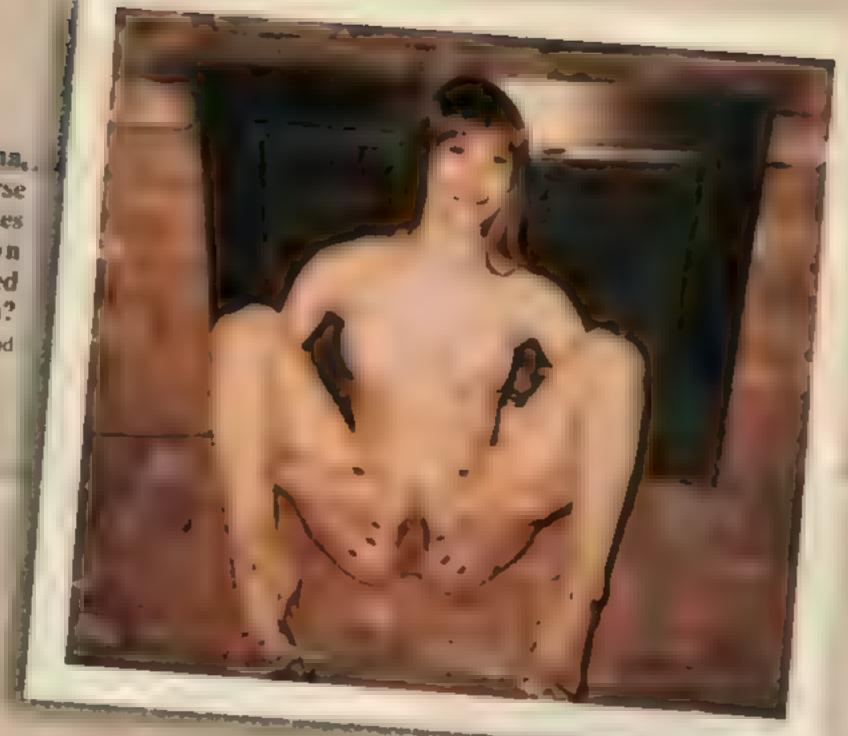
Shelly is a 26-year-old nurse's assistant. Watching basketball, four-wheeling and having sex all sound like a barrel of fun to this Winter Harbor, Maine, local. "I'm open to any new experiences," writes Shelly. Pick up a copy of HUSTLER'S IABOO for inspiration.

Photo by Husband



Arizona. The 30-year-old fledgling nurse claims to give great blowjobs and likes to flash truckers while driving down the interstate. Is pyromania considered a crime of passion?

Photo by Friend

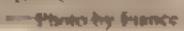




Japan. The rugged yet perky individualist is crazy about outdoor activities. Cherie's number-one mission is "to have a threeway with my fiance and a big gay man."

Sodomy is the international language of love.

Debbie is a 23-year-old student from Miami, Florida. The bronzed goddess yearns for a passionate interlude with a handsome man on the shores of a peaceful islet surrounded by belty dancers. Beats attending an anal photomy Historical Statement.

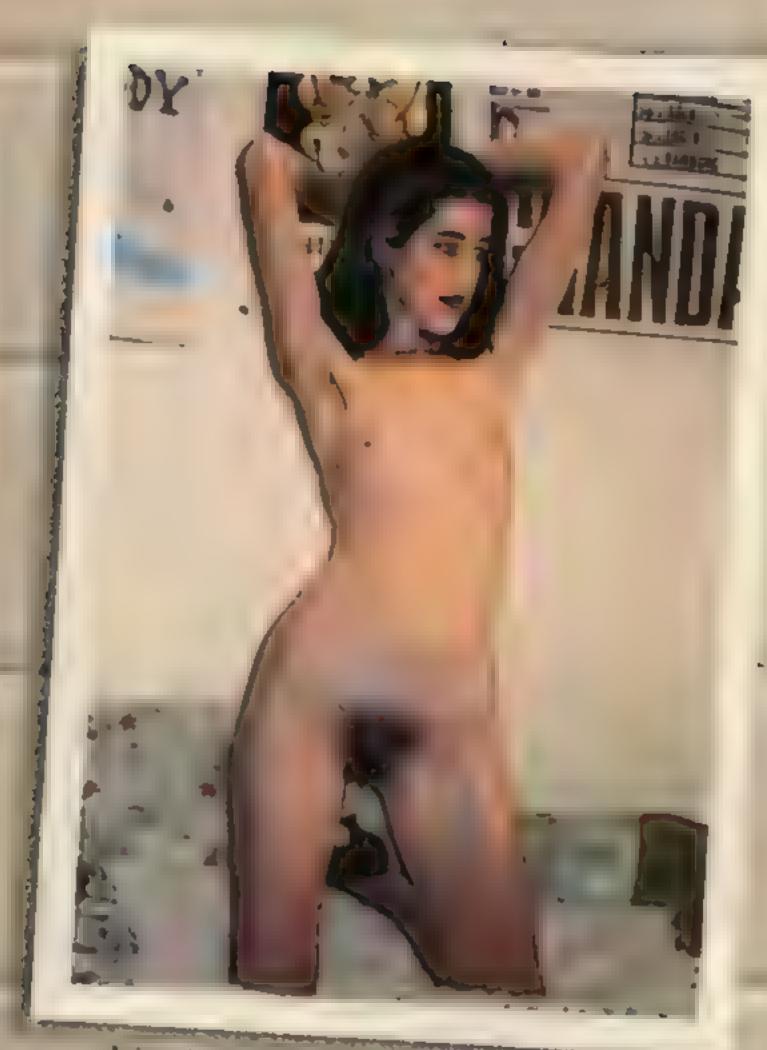






This suitry hepcat is Mia of Omaha.
Nebraska, Eclectic, 30-year-old Via is an aspiring panter, dancer and singer who still finds time in her bohemian lifestyle for "sex, sex, sex," Via wants to make love with 1 V personality Jon Stewart. Looks like Mia may be infamous for 15 minutes.

Phiso by Frend



Jaime is a 24-year-old screen printer from Turlock, California. The leggy mudist plays guitar, writes and dances. The quivotic minx would like to attend the ballet with Prince Charming, Jaime would give her dream date a royal hummer while wearing medicated lip balm, "which would feel cool and trugty on his hot, erect penis," If only all fairy tales were this easy to swallow.

Photo by Friend

Becky is a homemaker from Austin,
Texas. The active, 32-year-old hootchie
likes going to the movies. Becky wants
to make it with another girl while her
boyfriend watches. Depravity is
America's favorite spectator sport.

Photo by Friend



Batten down the hatches, seamen! Meet Jenny, a 36-year-old welder from Middleton. Ohio, who easily adapts to life on land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land. Jenny enjoys horseback riding and "polishing all my land." Harley men's pipes." Next to manimoth hooters, versatility is the most sought-after trait in Beaver Hunt girls.

















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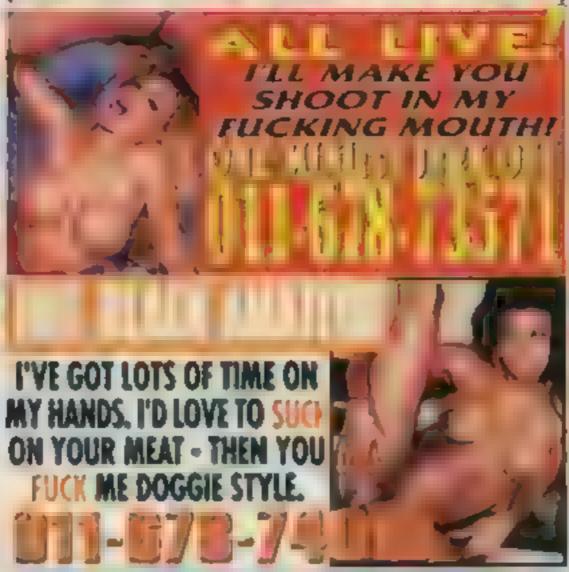


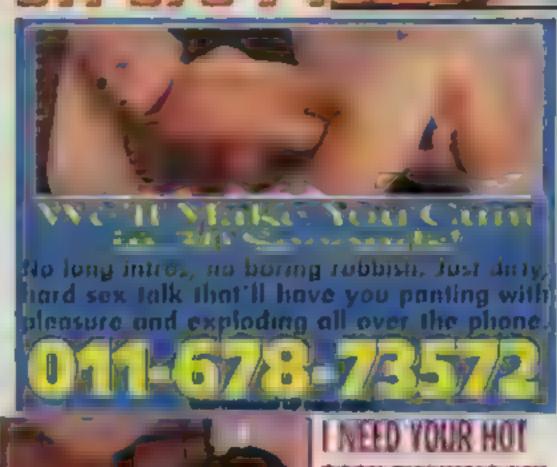






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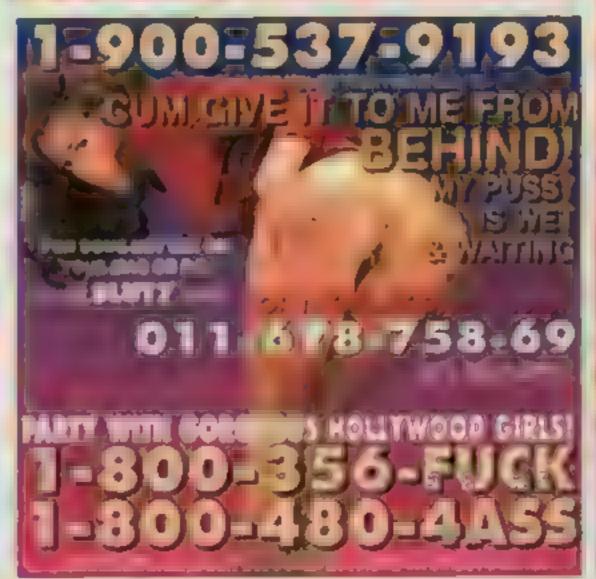




































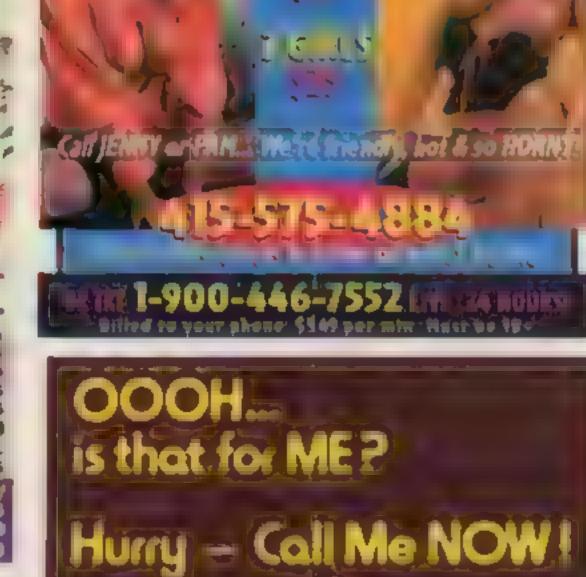












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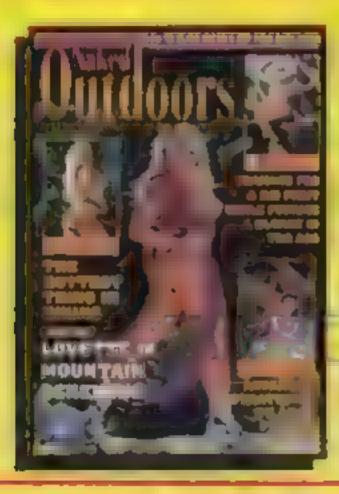
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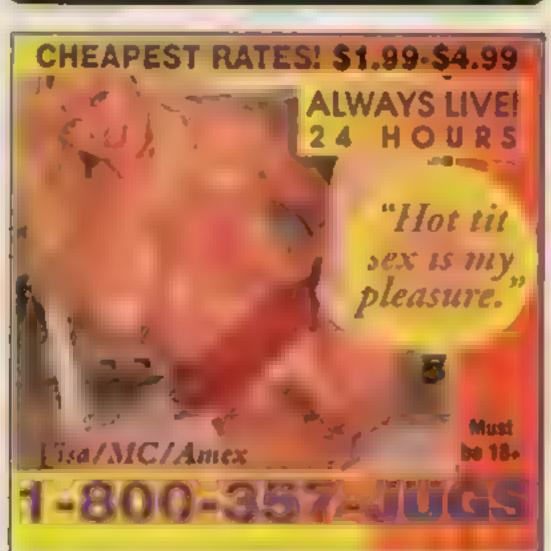
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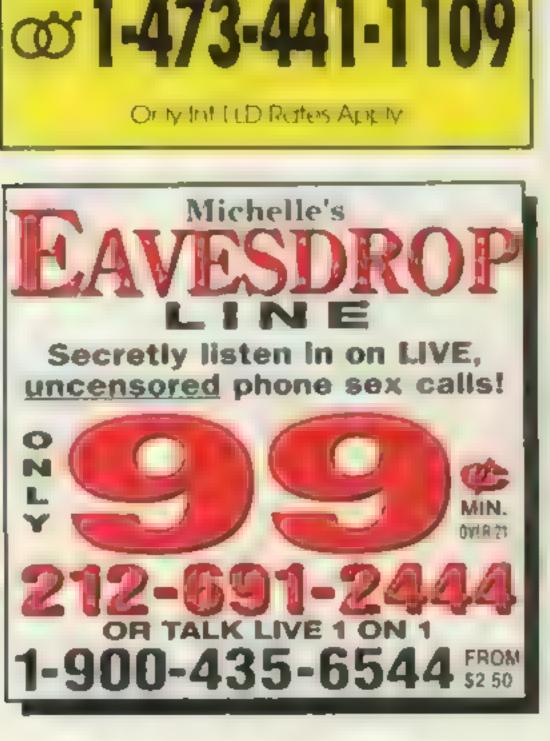


















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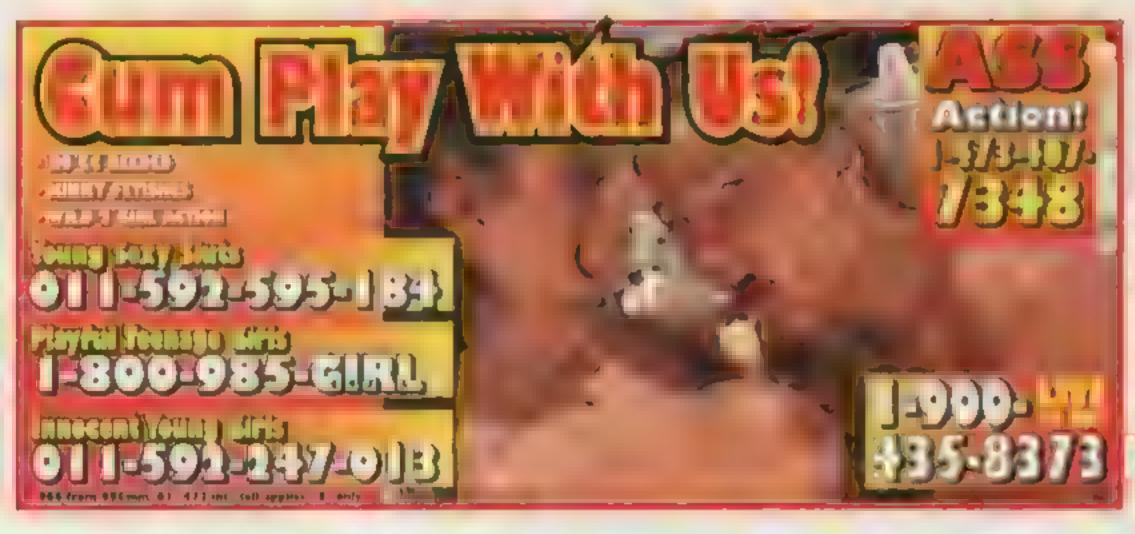




























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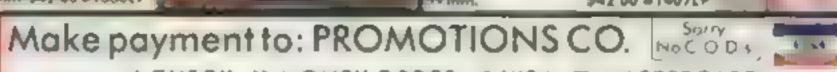


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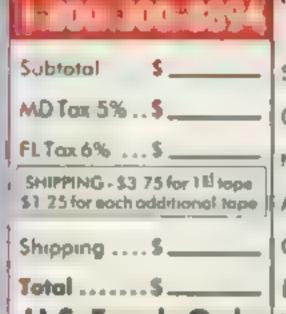
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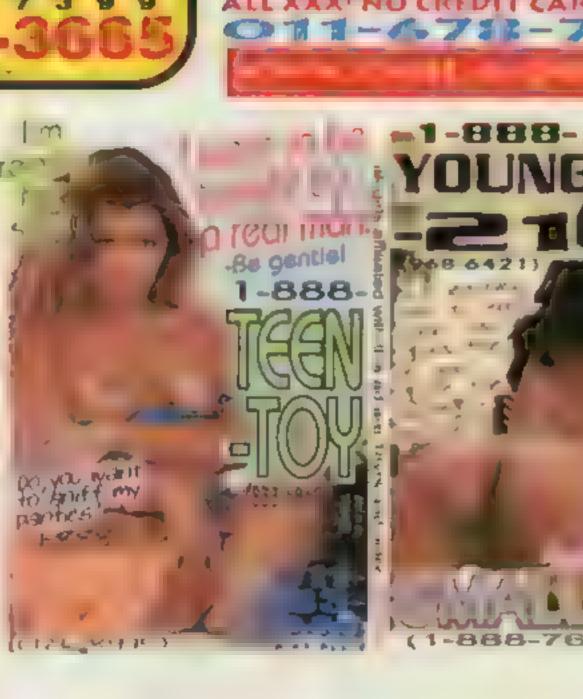


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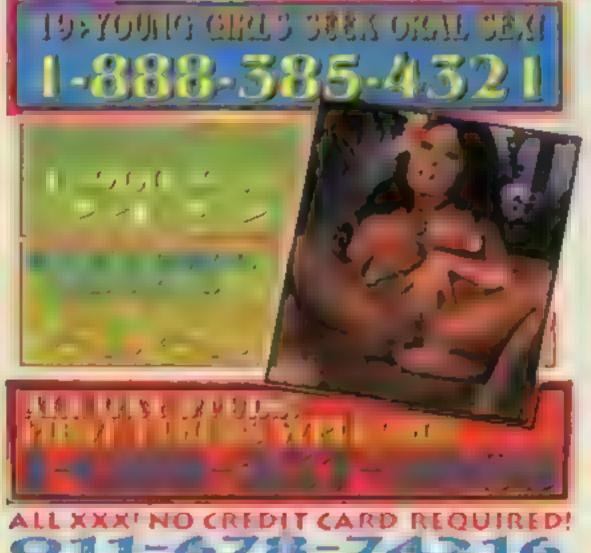














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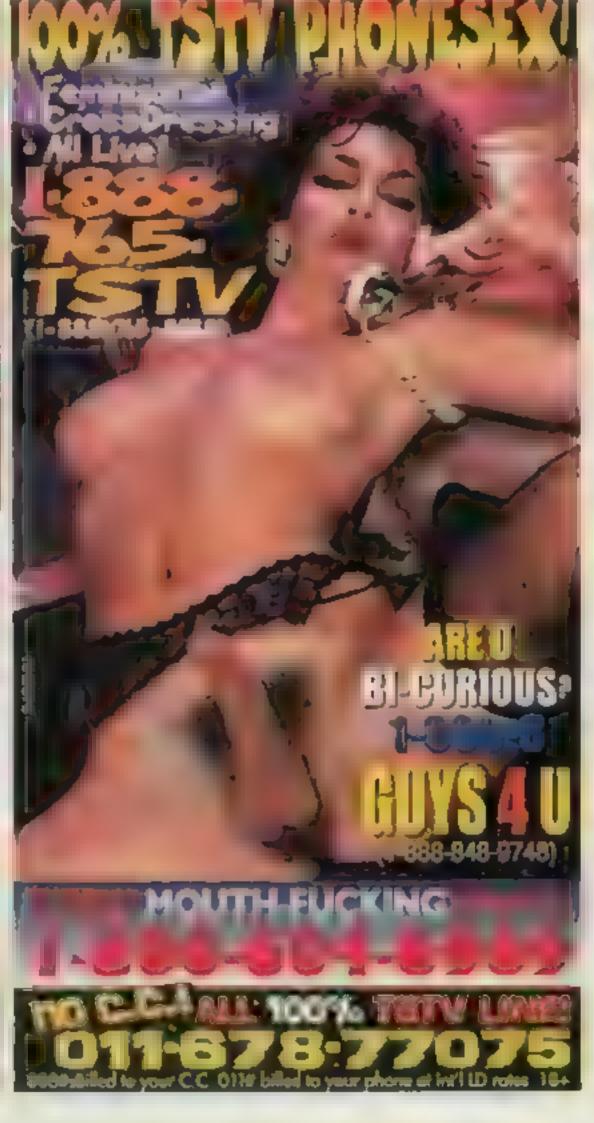
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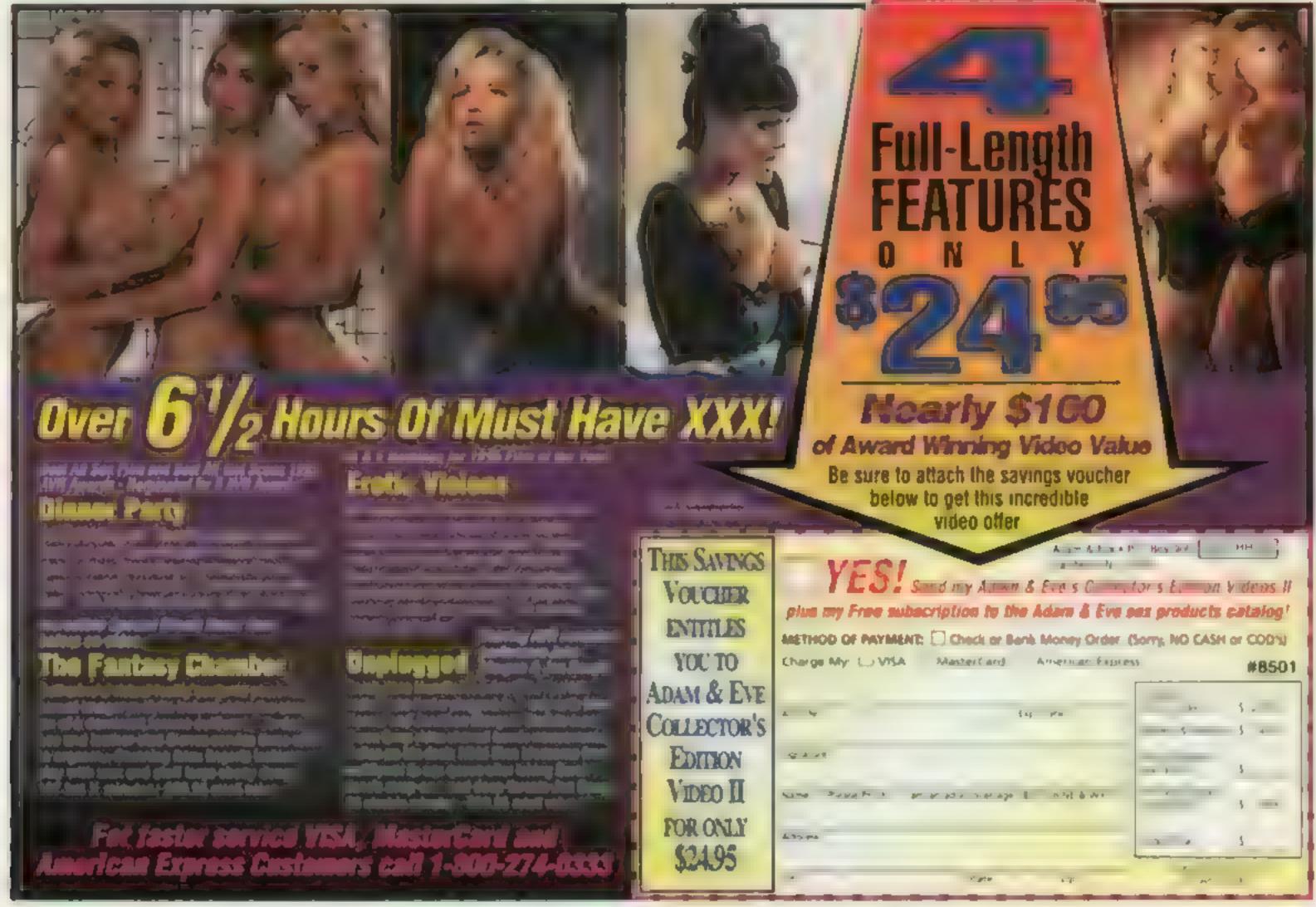




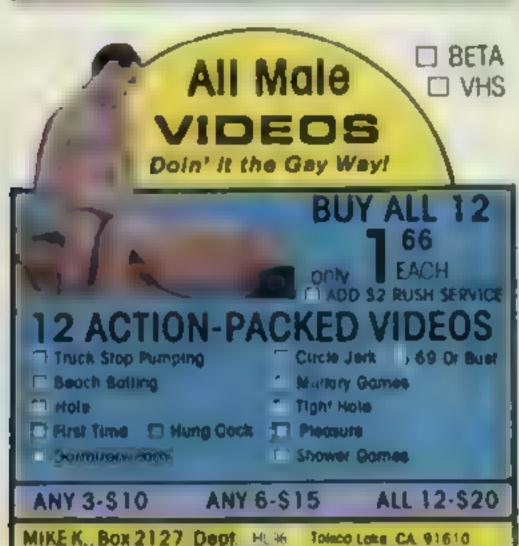














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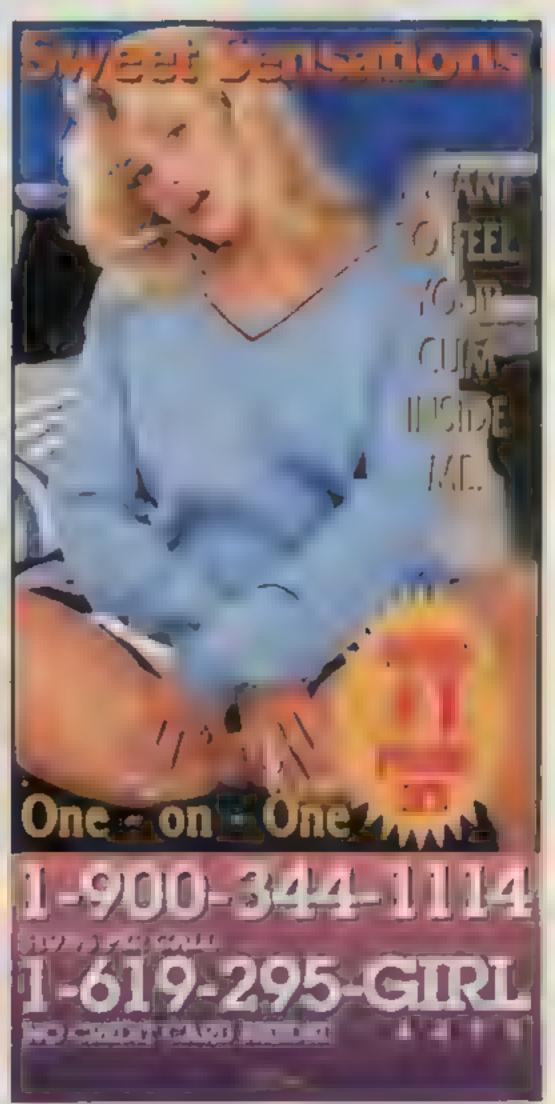
























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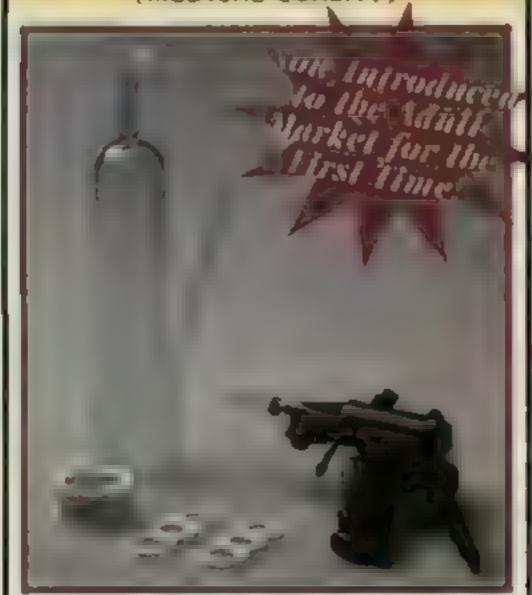






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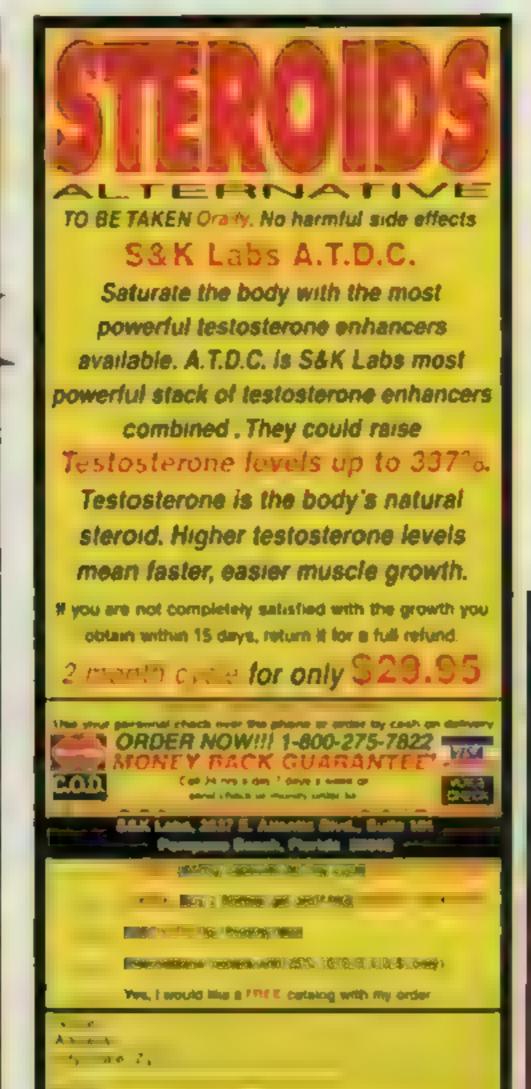
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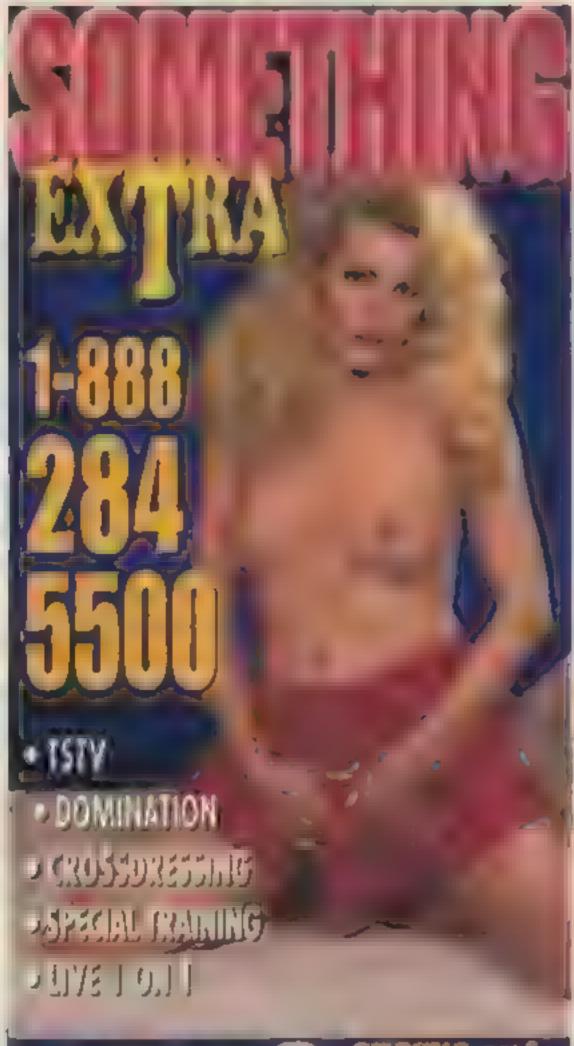




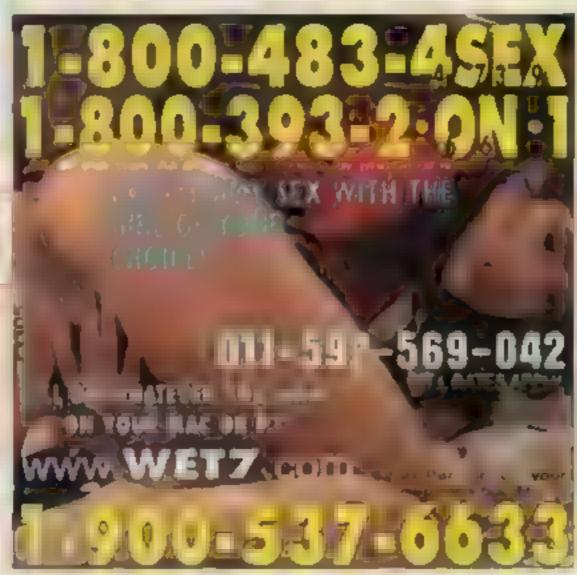










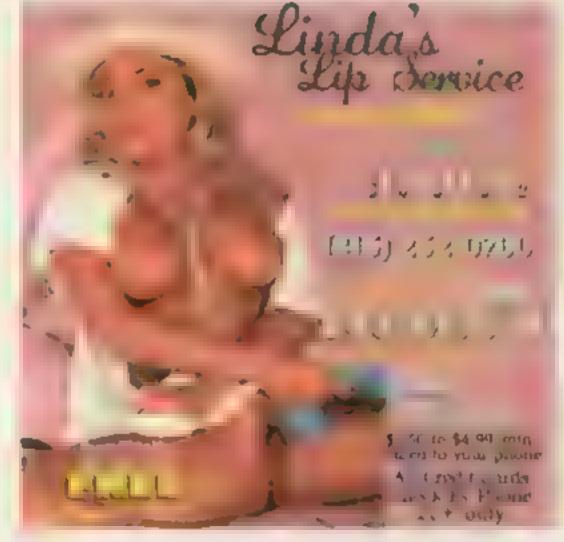




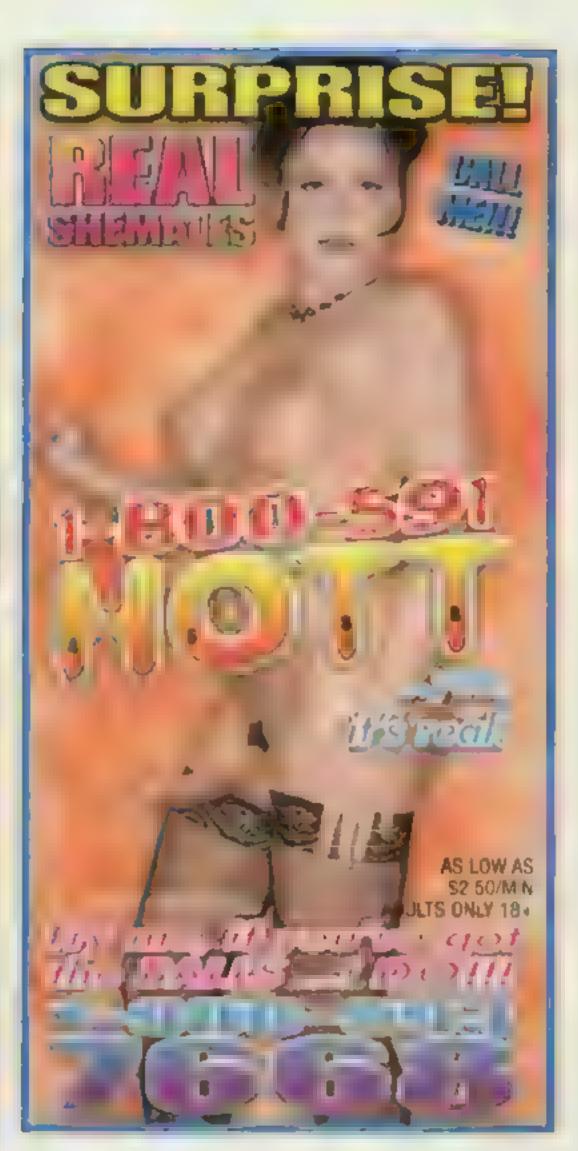
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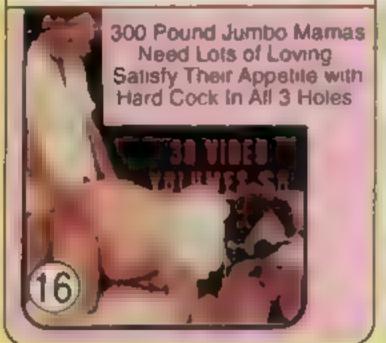
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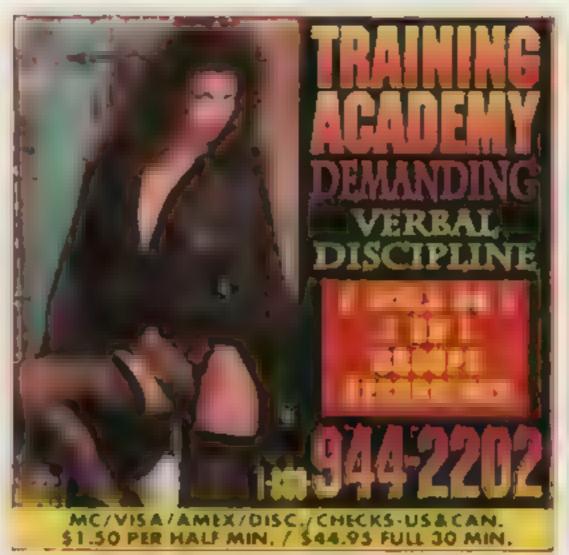
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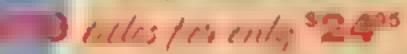
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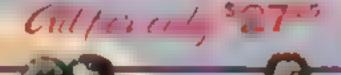
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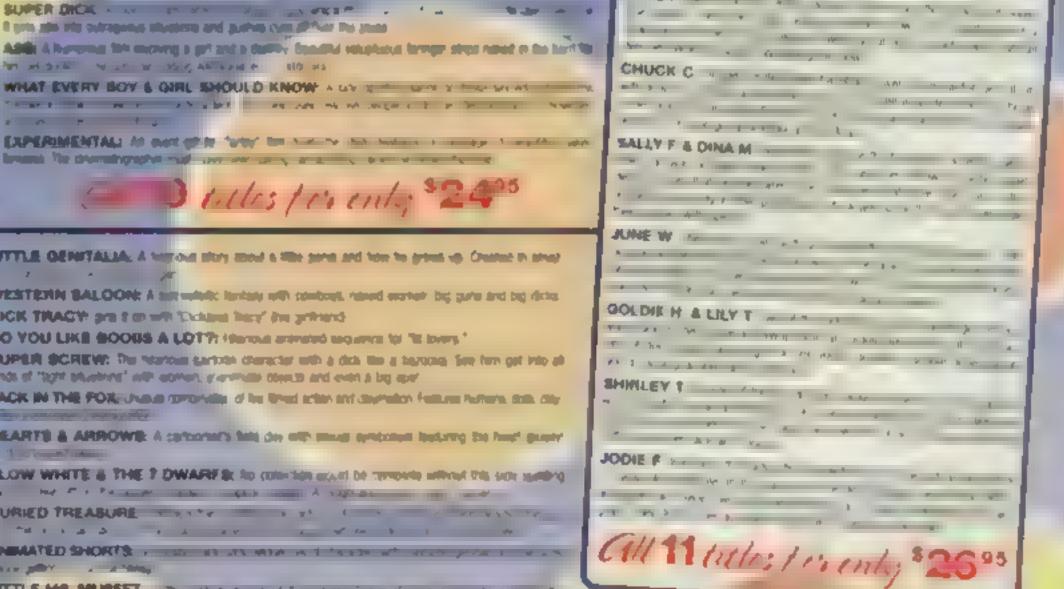
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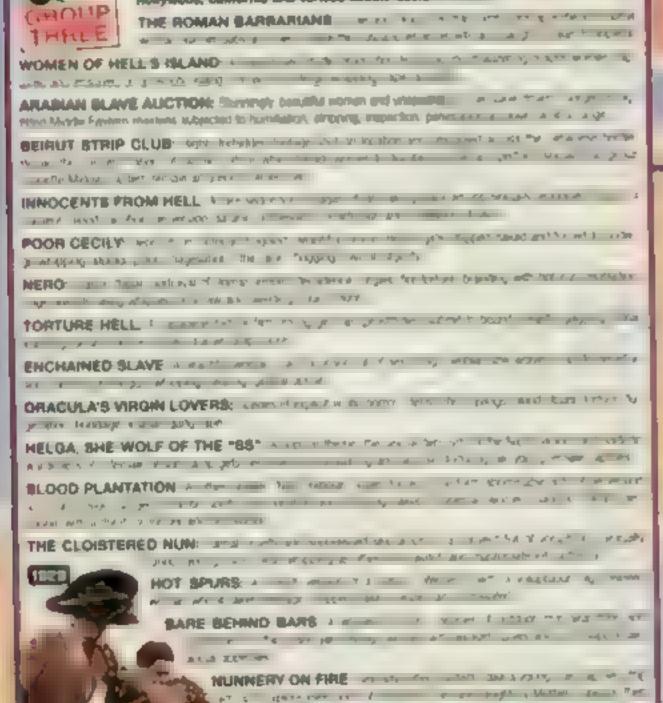
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We receive thousands of letters from satisfied customers - to many to print here. This is a typical letter from a satisfied customer

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### Adult video actors tell us the Dr. Bross Pumps are #1 Here is a letter from adult video actor Jon Viest

"The Dr. Bross pump is fantastic. I use it and so do many other adult video actors. For total penis enlargement to make you thicker and longer it is the only pump to use. It's not a toy masturbater like the other pumps. The Dr. Bross pump is 100% for penis enlargement."

### In addition to customer satisfaction, an independent testing company says Dr. Bross Penis Pumps are #1

Tests determined the effectiveness and reliability for each pump. A large number of penis pumps failed after only less than 100 strokes Tests measured the amount of vacuum created and sustained or if there were leaks due to air loss.

The squeeze bulb pumps and the centric or center push pumps. vacuum was not sustained because the pumps are attached to a straight cylinder with glue where air leaks would occur

The electric pumps use a lish aquanum motor converted from biowing bubbles in water to suck air. The vacuum created was minimal and not the vacuum needed for penis en argement.

There were two battery pumps tested. The Dr. Bross pump has a removable motorized housing so the clear cylinder could be cleaned separately. The other battery pump is one piece and when cleaning the cylinder would cause damage and rust to the wires, battery and motor.

■ The Dr. Bross exclusive power vacuum controller is included in all their pumps and creates and sustains the vacuum needed for penis enlargement. This feature is not found on the other pumps The Dr Bross cylinders are made of the highest quarty injection.

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penis pumps are far superior to any other vacuum pumps for penis enlargement.

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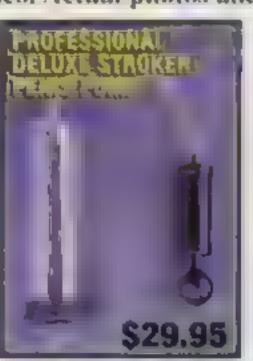
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# The Deuce

(continued from page 80)

that I not quote her directly. Throughout our talk, she is rude and abrasive, lashing out at me for no reason. Apparently, retired scum moppers don't even reach the lowest rung of the corporate ladder.

"Isn't it true that the BID discourages landlords to rent to sex shops?" I ask.

Krisch screeches that the TSBID represents businesses and doesn't advise them.

"You don't have to shout," I say. "Do you think it's right that adult businesses should be pushed to the brink of extinction in the name of development?"

Krisch spits back that TSBID has nothing to do with the like or dislike of pornography and doesn't have a problem with the existence of porn shops, but doesn't want a concentration of them.

With that, Krisch slams the receiver down hard, possibly puncturing a portion of my cardrum and leaving me with little consolation.

The Deuce is no more. In the '70s, 8th Avenue was called the Minnesota Strip, after the teenage runaways who had fled Midwestern towns and wound up there. In the '60s and before, 8th Avenue was the Stroll. Now I call it the Boulevard of Broken 'Hos.

Peep freaks flocked to our putrid platforms of promiscuity. There was nothing more exciting than ogling the love teams, usually two junkies fucking their way to 42nd Street stardom and an early death. Some girls had track marks; some had pregnant tummies; some had dicks. One dude had cerebral palsy; he had only one functioning body part, but that was all he needed to perform in shows. His girl-friend had to carry him onstage. We were the fuckin' Addams Family, but we were family.

What corporate assholes like the TSBID's Christine Krisch don't understand is that the seediness of the Deuce was inextricably linked to our survival. We're all freaks of a sort, and peep shows could make us feel less alone in the world, even if company meant transsexuals, midgets, bimbos and meat beaters. I was one of them; I spent the years mopping up other people's dreams; I still am one of them.

It dawns on me as I stand across from the gleaming spires of the New Amsterdam theater. A tour bus of retirees stands on line to buy tickets to G-rated cartoons. I myself am on the endangered-species list. A former mop man, a live-sex performer, there is no place for me in the new New York. Mickey has Disneyfied my natural habitat, leaving not a trace of gash in sight.



# **UFO Fucks**

(continued from page 114)

anointed "researchers" writes "nonfictional" accounts of intergalactic rendezvous, and every few years, an author captures the public imagination and pulls down scads of cash, as Whitley Strieber, Budd Hopkins and David Jacobs did with their books on the subject, and as John Mack did in 1994 with Abduction.

"I was amazed by the number of editors in the New York publishing community who are believers, and I predict that within the next few years, UFO and abduction books will routinely top the best-seller lists," says Pamela Stonebrooke, whose tell-all book about her fling with reptilian aliens landed the little-known jazz singer a reported \$100,000 advance, possibly because high sales among UFO believers are practically guaranteed. "The flood-gates are about to open," she says.

Skeptics have jumped on the bandwagon, selling their own books and collecting lecture fees for their contrarian statements.

There may be 1,000 ways to make a buck off the abduction craze, but simple greed fails to adequately account for this incredibly widespread phenomenon.

"The alleged probes into our sexual organs don't seem due to any alien interest in our sexual practices or needs; they seem interested in us as potential incubators for hybrid production," says Marcello Truzzi, a prominent researcher of paranormal claims and a founding member of the Journal of Scientific Exploration. Truzzi presumes abductions are fantasies, but holds that the phenomenon is a modern version of mystical experiences that humans have encountered for millennia "They are more like a modern version of ancient incubi and succubi."

Incubi and succubi were male and female spirits that sexually violated Europeans in their beds during the Middle Ages. Experiences with Chinese fox spirits, vampires, even some Eskimo spirits, all follow the pattern of a person waking up, unable to move and sensing a presence

Throughout history, humans have been prone to experience vivid, realistic hallucinations, which they explain and understand by using details from the prevailing cultural idroms.

"I think it's inspirational that humans and aliens can have sex," says Martha Bische, an abductee from Graham, Oregon, "Is this really a symptom of paranoid, crumbling society, or does it mean that there can be shared pleasure, even in spite of different genetic codes? The universe would be too lonely without aliens to keep us company."



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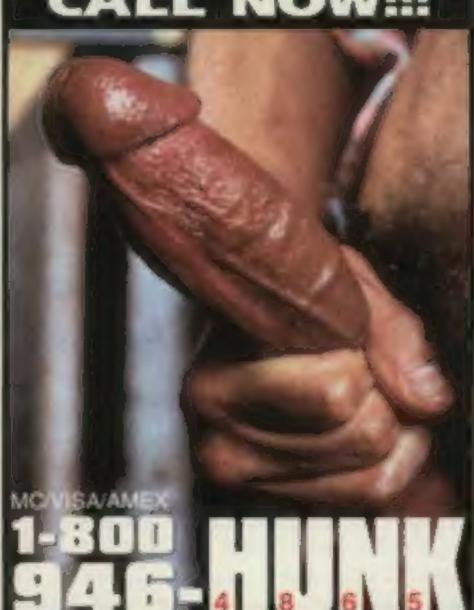
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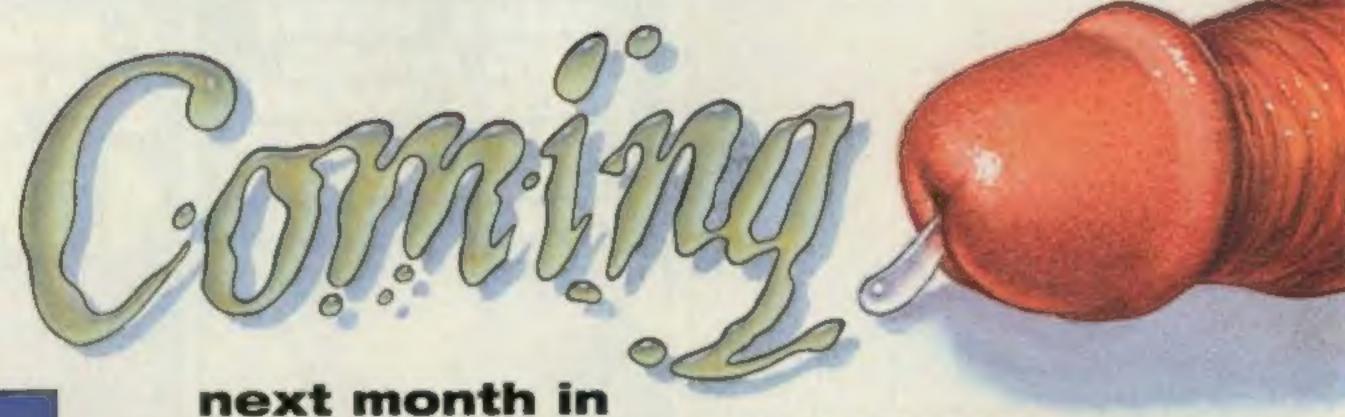
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# HUSTLER

### **MAY FLOWERS**

Pretty pussy petals unfold in May's HUSTLER with delectable Venus, goddess of nymphomania. Witness Venus fritter away her time on Masturbation Island. Throbbing maypole madness surges ever upward with Angelique, a no-holesbarred hypno-stripper who takes on fists of dildo fury in a magic act that redefines the genre. Sneak a peek at pool-hall hussies Crystal and Julia—two slippery sluts who sink balls into wet, pink pussy pockets. Witness raven-haired Elizabeth put out for her boyfriend, Drew—two outdoor-sex freaks soaking wet with golden pee in the back of a grimy pickup truck. For you secret romantics, HUSTLER exposes a sweet little missy as she rears up on granny's quilt. Papa Rod will be thy name in May.

### **WORLDWIDE PORN**

Does the staid porn establishment have anything to say to the maverick perverts of today? Get the skinny straight from the whores' mouths as HUSTLER covers the World Pornography Conference. Listen to Sharon Mitchell, Candida Royalle and Porsche wax nostalgic about the good of days of porn. Marvel as Annie Sprinkle witnesses to the lustful throngs while her mom smiles proudly from the front row. Glean comforting, good energy as porn biddies create a circle of healing that empowers their carnal cunts of yore. Laugh at the funny antics of self-professed porn historians. The World Pornography Conference is all about the examination of professional pussy. Revel in it.

## LEARN TO DANCE, STUPID

Dancing is a mating ritual older than your mom and is still the best way to get the hotties on your jock. Even though moving about spastically doesn't come natural for most dudes, the smart man learns to dance because he knows where all the women are: on the dance floor. Dancing is the only public social activity that allows a man to establish intimate physical contact within seconds of meeting a woman, and May's HUSTLER details the step-by-step procedure for shaking your ass and getting some.

### SPROUTS

Should your appetite be whetted by this month's extra-special tranny spread, check out May's Erotic Entertainment for transsexual-video reviews galore. Learn how to repair a used-up asshole in Bits & Pieces. Beaver Hunt warms up some homemade sticky buns to sweeten the mix and glaze your lips. May's HUSTLER will make your pecker sprout sticky, white clouds of spring.

May HUSTLER on sale March 9, 1999.

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